Vol. V, Nos. 7 and 8 April and May, 1902

The Kaimin

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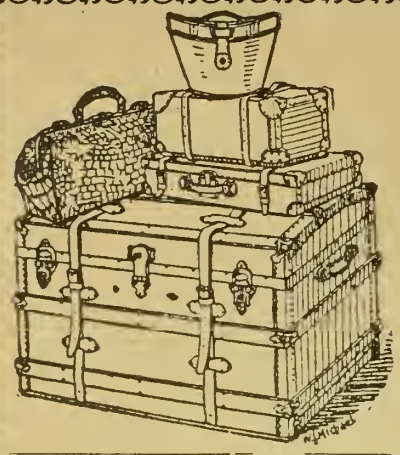
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MISSOULA, MONTANA

The Kaimin

THE KAIMIN

Published Monthly during University Year by the Students of the University of Montana.

Single Copies.....15 Cents
Subscription Price per year.....1 Dollar

Editor-in-Chief.....Benj. D. Stewart
Literary Editors.....Katherine Ronan, Pearl Scott
Local Editor.....Leslie Sheridan
Exchange Editor.....Myrtle Weber
Business Manager.....Geo. H. Greenwood

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Missoula, Montana.

APRIL AND MAY, 1902.

Editorials

Loyal students of the University must be pardoned for the display of enthusiasm manifested by them on the occasion of our recent victory in the forensic field. No higher victory can be attained in college contests than that won in the intellectual arena. It was therefore entirely fitting that due homage should be paid to our orator upon his return among us. If success could always attend us in contests where intellects are matched we could easily bear an ocasional drubbing on the gridiron or a defeat upon the athletic field. The efforts of the orator are upon a higher plane than those of him who strives for the prize in the display of physical endurance and agility, and greater credit is due him if he succeeds in making himself victorious. Intellectual effort is as high above physical effort as the wonderful delicacy of the structure of brain material is above the coarse meat of the muscular tissues. The significance of success in an oratorical contest surpasses in an unmeasured degree that of the triumphs of an entire season in foot ball or other sport.

There are two things which by some are sadly confounded: College spirit or enthusiam and horse play. The former, when genuine, proceeds from a feeling of loyalty to the colloge, borne of an appreciation of the benefit received, and manifesting itself in well governed enthusiasm when the proper occasion presents itself. The latter is a sham substitute for the former often indulged in by would-be imitators of "old college customs" and generally protrudes is boisterous and unwelcome presence when occasion least demands. We admire him who is truly imbued with the former. We have but pity for him who fails to distinguish between the two.

Since the publication by the University of the Bulletin, "Summer Birds of Flathead Lake," a systematic effort has been made to secure exchanges from other institutions, from scientifiec organizations and bodies, and from private individuals. The bulletin was generously distributed among the bird students of America, and has been highly praised by them. The comments in magazines devoted to birds have been very satisfactory, in each case commending the work. The bulletin has also been sent to several hundred organizations in different civilized countries. From many of these replies have already been received, and a large number of pamphlets has been added to the library collection. Others are arriving daily. When the replies from all are received the list of exchanges will no doubt be large, and the publications received very valuable.

With a new Woman's Hall, a new Gymnasium and a second story addition to Science Hall the University leads the state institutions in the matter of improvements this year.

Everyone about the University is being pushed to his limit in the matter of work during these last few weeks. Even the thermographs have been working overtime.

From Hay's showing in the recent track preliminaries he has been making the most of himself while the sun shone.

They say, "who steals a senior's purse these days steals trash." It's ice cream we've lost, not money bags.

The outlines of a familiar physiognomy are often easily recognized even when cast in black cambric.

Prince Henry is the only rival which the Class of '02 has had in the matter of being banqueted.

U. of M. field event records: Shot put, 35 ft. Tut! the sphere was four pounds shy in weight!

The Roman Catholic church is not the only organization which looks up to a Pope.

Freshies, beware! The eighth commandment reads: "Thou shalt not steal!"

Literary Department

THE TELEPHONE.

When I was put in this front hall behind the great red glass door with the shining silver knob and knocker, I was quite angry, for the front hall is just the place in any house where all company, which is not 'special,' takes off rubbers and wraps, and all their unpleasant, cold wet, muddy auxiliaries, and then go into the parlor or sitting room where its warm and comfortable, with never a thought about my dreary, pitiable lonesome plight. But then a tepehone's a telephone. And we do have our compensative advantages too.

For instance, one afternoon a few days after I was put in (the house was quite silent—I think everybody must have been out); I was silently bemoaning my unfortunate circumstances and wishing that I could just jump down on the floor, and end my unhappy existence; when I heard a gentle whir-r-bz--z-z-! which drew my attention immediately from my dismal contemplation.

Then I rang four times—that meant somebody come out into the cold hall and answer a summons; but nobody came, and after the ringing echoes died away all was quite still again. It was a great relief when four more hard emphatic rings set echoes going again, and I heartily hoped my ringing would bring somebody. How lonesome a front hall is, any way. But I continued unanswered, and Central rang no more, though I knew I remained connected with the other line, as I could hear that peculiar hum which signifies such a connection. I could also hear the ticking of a clock.

I don't know how I happened to think of it, but I suppose it was partly due to the utter loneliness of the house, and my unhappy condition, that I hit upon the idea of trying a communication with the telephone at the other end. Suiting the action to the word, I hummed out timidly:

"Hello! Are you a telephone, and can you hear me?"

I held my breath in expectation as I waited for an answer—if there should be an answer. In a moment there came buzzing back these words:

"Yes, I'm a telephone, and I can hear you. Isn't this funny? I never tried it before."

"Neither did I. Who are you?"

"I'm 133-6. (Hope Central will not disconnect us). Who are you?"

"32-4. Are you alone? I am; and so lonesome—before I began talking to you."

"Of course I'm not alone. If I was alone, we wouldn't be connected, would we?"

"Pardon me!" I said, chagrined at my stupidity, "Who called up just now?"

"The son of the house. He's angry too. Where's the girl that lives there? Gone out?"

"Oh——!" I exclaimed in surprise, "so thats who you are, is it? Yes, she's out. How do you know about the daughter at my house?"

"The son has called her up too often in the last six months to prevent my remembering her. I guess you haven't been there long."

"I haven't; they just put me in a few days ago. The 'phone before me was all broken up about losing the place —took him out in five pieces beside screws and the receiver."

"Too bad," said 133-6. "Say, lets watch our chance and talk again when it's possible. I'm very deeply interested in the son, and he seems deeply interested in the daughter at your house. You pay attention when they talk, so will I, and we may have some——"

Just there Central separated the lines. All of our conversation had been carried on very rapidly—much faster than people talk—and had I not been so much absorbed in my thought upon this recent discovery which held in store such pleasant possibilities, the remainder of my afternoon had been wearisome indeed.

The daughter had been the very first one to use me on my entering this house, and I had been at once attracted and pleased by her voice. It was not small and fashionable, but pure, very musical and above all determined. I like a good strong voice with plenty of determination in it; I think most any one does, who has had as much to do with telephoning as I have had. The daughter was not petite either, and she had to incline her head a trifle when she spoke into the 'phone. Her hands were always warm, her eyes were violet, her cheeks a healthful dusky red, and her lips——! Oh, how I have longed for one instant of animation that I might be satisfied that looks were not deceiving! But I felt quite sure that somebody knew what I could not, for the daughter so often wore that happy "I know-some-thing" smile which means a great deal.

Two days after my pleasant discovery I rang vigorounsly four times and was answered immediately by the daughter, who came down stairs in a bewitching gown of violet and white, and who hummed happily to herself:

"I love the watch I keep,
'Tis all the world to me."

Smiling she drew a tiny watch from her belt, and said:

"Of course I love you! Mr. Walter Sothern gave you to me!—Hello—Why should I not love you!—Hello—" this last with a rising inflection.

"Hello," came back in a tone of recognition. "That's you, isn't it?"

"You're rather indefinite, but I believe it is I. This is Mr. Southern, is it not?"

"Yes; I took it for granted that you knew me. Any body at home?"

"I am."

"Any body else?"

"I believe not. Did you want to see papa?"

"Not just yet, you know; but I shall see him tomorrow if he's not too rushed, and—and you think it is worth while? You see. I'd be some easier with that little affair settled up, and—well you can imagine how a fellow in my circumstances might feel, can't you?"

"You told me once about how you felt, I believe, and

it's not nice of you to speak of this as a 'little' thing. It is not a little thing to me."

"I'm afraid—how—I didn't wish to discommode you in the least, you know—really—I—"

"Discommode me! Why, how oddly you talk. I would never have given you my consent if it had not given me the greatest pleasure in the world to do so."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. You were very kind to be so generous to me."

"Dear heart,"—the daughter spoke earnestly—"when a woman loves a man and has loved him from time immemorial, almost, she is not generous in becoming engaged to him. It was purely through selfish motives that I accepted you."

"My dear young woman, you must certainly have forgotten that we are no longer engaged; that affair was merely a fleeting dream, and you know I consider you only as a trusted friend. You are very imprudent in referring to an attachment so long gone by." The son's voice was cold and formal. The daughter's face paled. Her next words were patent with ill-disguised sorrow:

"I was afraid when you told me of your love for me, Walter, that you did not realize the magnitude of it all. You see now, even as soon as this, that I was right. You should have known yourself better."

If the son had seen that face as I saw it, I think he must have relented at once—most any man would. But he did not see the face; however, he evidently realized that he should not have spoken as he did, for directly he called and called her name over the wire. She had left the hall.

In his excitement, the son must have forgotten to ring off, for at once I heard the voice of my friend:

"I say 32-4, its a bad mistake. The son thought until the last minute that he was talking to 22-4. Central evidently got it wrong, and now I guess things are spoiled. You see, the son had a little business affair with a young woman friend and her father. He wasn't quite certain of the arrangement, and that's why he talked as he did. evidently the friend must have been a love of his at one time, and he—"

"He thought she was trying to spring the old flame on him," I interrupted. "Well, it's a bad business, sure."

"Too bad, too bad! Wish you and I could—"

"But we can't," I snorted, "it's no use——"

Central had disconnected us again.

Half an hour later the bell on the big red glass door rung fiercely and Paul, the servant, opened to admit the son, panting furiously, void of overcoat or cuffs; one suspender was loose.

"Send Miss Mosier down at once," he ordered.

Miss Mosier came at once. Her cheeks were pale, but a bright spot glowed in each as she saw the son. A perfect torrent of words burst from the last named individual. I was unable to gain any thing from them, only fragments about "Central—business—friend—darned telephone;" but evidently the daughter could interpret the thought, for by the time he had finished, she—they—well! I'm glad they put me in the front hall.

It's nearly two years since all that happened, and I'm still in the front hall; but I have become nearly obsolete, so to speak. The son and daughter don't need me any more—I seem rather unnecessary to them now. I am rather glad, though, for I've grown to love the silent front hall and the lonely stairway. It gives me lots of time to myself unmolested.

Since that time two years ago, I've been thinking that modern scientific inventions are not entirely satisafctory. Look at the son and the daughter, for instance; see how near they came to a regular smash up ,all through a telephone. I've otten thought that if I were a man and in love—But pshaw! A telephone's a telephone.

—F. A. W.

MY TRIP TO HAWAII.

(Concluded.)

Tuesday we were invited to a picnic party which went to the Pali, about six miles from Honolulu up in the mountains. We put on warm clothing and took extra wraps as we were told it would be a cold ride. As we went up the valley, it kept getting colder and we kept putting on more wraps till we exhausted our supply, and then we were none too warm. Our road lead through Nuanu valley, and the valley kept narrowing until the space between the mountains was hardly wide enough for the road to go through. But at the same time the road became too rough and too steep for any carriage; so we left the carriages and walked up the gradually narrowing trail. Suddenly we came to a sharp corner, around which the wind swept in fierce gusts. One could hardly stand there alone. The road turns and winds down the side of the mountain and is here the steepest and most rugged path I ever saw. Directly in front of us and on the outside of the path at our right is a low stone wall to keep horses and riders from falling over the edge of the precipice down hundreds of feet. It seems almost impossible that horses should ever travel over the rugged road at our right; but even while we are looking some natives come riding around the corner, dismount and lead their ponies down the steep descent. At the foot of the hill they stop at a beautiful little spring in the rocks at the side of the road, and water their horses. Then they mount and we watch them for a long time winding along the road which stretches in front and far below us.

Suddenly someone sees, far in the distance, where the road looks like a mere thread, a speck moving toward us. Having watched it for some time and being unable to decide what it is, we await its arrival at the mountain. Sometimes it disappears, then suddenly reappears in some other spot. Now it is coming quite near, so that we see it to be a litter, borne by four Japs and accompanied by four other Japs as reliefs. We talk to them and learn that the man whom they are bearing has been hurt in some way on the sugar plantation, and they have carried him fifteen miles in the hot sun, barefooted, over stony and steep mountain paths and it is still six miles to the hospital.

After these have past we look around. To our left

there is nothing but mountain peaks, to our right there is nothing to see but mountain peaks, and we are standing on a sort of a slanting shelf (the road) in a great perpendicular wall of black rock which rises high above us and over which we can look down, down, thousands of feet, to the beautiful green weadows stretching away to the ocean, with rivers winding through them like silver ribbons. Still further we see indistinctly numbers of small islands. The white people cut this road in the side of the cliff at an enormous expense, the natives having had, formerly, iron stakes set in the mountain side at short distances and connected by heavy chains. By holding onto these chains they could climb over, but it was a very tiresome and dangerous way. Traces of the old chain can yet be seen in the high and almost perpendicular wall behind us.

The Pali is famous for its history as well as its beauty and grandeur. It was over the Pali that King Kamehameha I. drove the defenders of Oahu, when he conquered this island. What terror and despair must have possessed the hearts of those men, trying to defend their island when they marched on with nothing but this precipice in front of them and the great army of Kamehameha behind driving them onward up the narrow valley toward their destruction!

Having had all these things explained to us, we went back to where the carriages were, and had our lunch, after which some of us went gathering ferns and climbing the hogs' backs" or sharp mountain ridges, the tops of which afforded fine views of the surrounding country. Some of the mountain sides are very steep and we had to climb on our hands and knees, pulling ourselves up by shrubs that we could grasp. But those who reached the ridge, although tired, felt amply repaid for their trouble. New views were opered to them and besides there was a sort of triumphant feeling.

But coming down was the most fun. It was so steep that one would go tumbling headlong sometimes in spite of his caution. One of the natives came down easily enough. He took a bundle of ti-leaves and tied them together, making a sort of a sled and away he slid down the hillside with remarkable speed.

On the mountain we found several lehua flowers, which are now very rare, but which the natives love so much, and about which they even have a song called "Sweet Lei Lehua." It is dark red and has soft velvety fringe-like petals. It is so beautiful and fragrant that it is no wonder the natives sing about it. And the ferns that grow around the base of the hills! They were three feet high at least, and so dense as to be almost impenetrable in places. And here one need have no fear of snakes, for none exist on the islands. There is only one toad in Honolulu and he was brought as a pet. We gathered our arms full of the beautiful ferns to take home. At the base of each fern stem there grows a little brown downy substance which is used for stuffing pillows and which is said to be superior to feathers; It is also very fragrant. Some natives even have beds made of it, but most of them sleep on mats woven of palm leaves.

The drive back to the city was very pretty, beautiful ferns growing on each side of the road. On the way back we stopped at a little cave right by the side of the road. In it there was a spring of clear cold water, which is very scarce in Hawaii. During the last part of the drive there was a fine view of the harbor and shipping and lastly of the sun-set. When we reached home, long after sundown, although very tired and very sunburned we felt that we had spent a very enjoyable and a very instructive day .

Wednesday we spent at Waikiki Beach with friends early in the morning on our wheels. It was a fine ride, as the roads are very good in and around Honolulu, being kept up by the prisoners, several gangs of which we passed on the way out. We also met, when nearly there, the Queen starting for a drive with one of her attendants. She is really quite a good looking woman. Although she dresses plainly, you would know she was the Queen if you could see her stately bow.

Our friend's cottage was built right on the beach, the lanai projecting over the water. On both sides of the avenue from the road to the cottage were cocoanut trees, loaded with cocoanuts. In the midst of this grove was a little pond of blue and pink water-lilies and filled with gold and silver fish. We were all eager for a sea-bath, and so we soon donned our bathing suits and played for an hour or more in the surf and sand. After the bath we wandered up and down the beach gathering shells. Along the shore were numerous native canoes, kanakas (native men) drawing in their nets, and native women diving for limu, a kind of sea-weed which they consider a great delicacy, or gathering some kind of shells with the live animal inside which they pick out with pins and eat raw. Their long black hair hung loose and the children were playing about in the water and on the sand almost if not entirely nude. Some of the children were teasing the crabs along the shore by tying pieces of bread to a string, letting the crabs drag them into their holes, then pulling them out. In places the sand seems literally covered with crabs which disappear as soon as one comes near, so suddenly that one wonders how it is possible for them to dig their way into the sand in such an incredibly short time.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the beach is the variety of shells and sea-weeds found there at low tide. There are big shells and shells as small as the sand grains, shells of all shapes and colors. Shells never appear so attractive as they do lying there on the sand all wet and shiny. Mingled with them are many varieties of sea-weed and here and there pieces of red or white coral, pieces of sponge and other sea-objects. When it grew warm in the sun, we retired to the cocoanut grove, where it was cooler, and sent a Chinaman up the trees to knock down cocoanuts. Then we had a feast! These cocoanuts are half-ripe or soft cocoanuts—not a bit like the hard ones we get in the states. They are nearly all milk at this stage, but there is a little meat, which is soft and slippery and has a delicious taste very unlike that of the ripe ones. The milk is always rich, cold and refreshing. Then we fell asleep under the cocoanut trees and did not awaken till lunch time. Our lunch we ate on a mat spread on the ground in true native style.

In the afternoon we gathered dry cocoanut leaves, and a little native girl showed us how to weave native hats. the natives weave very fine hats and fans from cocoanut and other leaves. We then watched some native boys indulging in the national sport of surf riding, a very fascinating but dangerous pastime.

In the evening when it became cool we took mats out on the sand and sat or lay listening to the waves and looking at the stars. Low on the horizon we could see the great Southern Cross standing out bold and distinct. After a while we heard native boys singing and playing sweetly in the distance upon the beach. We went toward them, but they stopped immediately and no amount of coaxing would induce them to resume their music, which they love, but seem unwilling to share. Every Hawaiian is a natural musician, playing the violin, guitar, eucalily or taro-patch fiddle without instruction. The latter two are native instruments something like the guitar and violin but very primitive.

On the way back to Honolulu we passed a number of mounted police and one of our party was chased by one for some distance, the police having thought he saw him riding without a light. There is a fine of ten dollars for riding a bicycle or driving any kind of a rig after dark without a light in or about Honolulu. z

After reaching town we learned that a band concert was in progress at Thomas Square, a beautiful park not far from where we were staying. Not wishing to miss this we mounted our "bikes" again and rode to the park. The park covers about twenty acres of ground, with paths leading in all directions, cozy seats and corners, beautiful shrubbery and trees, and in the midst of all a band stand where one evening of every week was given a concert by the Hawaiian band. This concert consisted of native songs as well as band music, as the band boys also sing beautifully, and ended with the singing and playing of "Hawaii Ponoi," the national hymn. It has a beautiful tune composed by the Queen. This ended our day's sightseeing and we went home to retire for a good night's rest after our day of activity.

Thursday was a national holiday and of course there were races and ball-games and other sports, none of which we attended however. It was the anniversary of the birthday of Kamehameha I and the natives celebrated it in grand style. Whole families went galloping past, as Hawaiians are great equestrians, almost every member of a family owning some kind of a horse. On holiday occasions, such as this, the women wear long riding skirts which as they gallop along, float out behind for several yards. They are usually of purple or scarlet and present a very gay appearance. We stayed at the house nearly all the morning watching the passers by, making leis and being lazy as it is so easy to be in Hawaii. We were surprised to see the young ladies of the next house out in the yard during the morning in holicus and barefooted. They belonged to a wealthy half white family and later in the day we saw them go out dressed very elegantly and stylishly. We were told that not only most of the half whites, but many of the white people go barefooted a good share of the time.

We took a little walk to a near by friend's, whose Japanese servant had his family living with him in the little cottage in the back yard. His dining room was open on two sides, so we could look in and see them eating. They sat on the floor and ate from a tiny little table about a foot high, a foot wide and a foot and a half long. Their dishes consisted for the most part of a few dainty little Japanese rice-bowls and cups, a tea-pot and chop-sticks. They ate a good deal of fish, which they baked out of doors over a bed of coals. The children gathered tamarind nuts, and made us a kind of drink from them. These nuts are soft; more like fruit, fibrous, very acid, and each contains a large seed. The shells are thin, like pea-nut shells, but very smooth and of a dark brown color as are the nuts inside also. They soak the nuts in water quite a while, add sugar, and the drink to some is nearly as good as lemonade. They gave us something like preserves made of tamarind also.

In the afternoon we visited the Bishop Museum founded by a Hawaiian princess. Here we saw the old Hawaiian gods of stone and wood, all hideous, grotesque looking idols, showing the idea that the natives had of the gods as gods of anger, whose wrath must continually be appeased. The native taste for the beautiful was shown in the specimens of feather robes worn by the chieftains and sovereigns of the Hawaiian tribes. One of them was a magnificent canary colored cape reaching to the ground, made of feathers of wonderful richness and very valuable. There were ancient war inplements, rare old Hawaiian stamps and many other interesting things.

In the evening we went to the Chinese theatre, and of all places this was the queerest! There was as far as we could see, no sense to the play at all, and there was a sort of musical accompaniment, which sounded like drumming on tin pans and which we could hear half a block away. The costumes were beautiful, but the play was horrible, and the characters fixed their faces to look hideous, painting them with different colors. We did not stay long as the unnatural and strained voices of the actors, and the abominable music or rather racket, grated harsbly on our ears, and made us wish ourselves out of the hubbub. Children and large boys, not in the play, were allowed to go upon the stage and walk all over during the progress of the play, but it did not make much difference as there was no especial scenery except a rude chair or two. The costumes seemed to be the main thing. Most of the spectators were men, but there were a few little Chinese women in the boxes. They all seemed highly pleased with the performance, but we were entirely unable to appreciate it.

The morning of Friday our last day in Hawaii we took a drive out into the country. When far from the city we suddenly came upon two big native women washing clothes in a little stream by the road. They sat on big stones with their feet in the water and wore loose holicus unfastened at the neck. They were working very leisurely and seemed to enjoy washing more than most women enjoy it. The natives love the water and that is probably the reason. I have seen them play a game in which the main object seemed to be to throw pails of water on each other, the

one who doused his opponent the greatest number of times winning.

After a while we came to a group of houses in the woods. There was here an old kahuna, a sort of priest, whom the natives think has the power to "pray anyone to death." It is said that if a native gets angry at another native he hires some kahuna to pray him to death, and when a person is under the charm of a kahuna, nothing can help him, not the most skilful physician, but he gradually declines and dies.

The natives used to be very superstitious and are now to a great extent. Not long ago a white man found a little stream up in the mountains and digging for the spring from which it flowed, he came upon a large flat rock which it was evident had been placed there by human hands. Removing the rock he found a beautiful clear spring. He told some natives about it and asked them why that beautiful spring had been closed. They were angry with him for having opened it, and said he would be mucky (dead) in less than a month if he did not go to the kahuna and make it right. Finding that the natives abhorred and hated him and persisted in telling him that he would die wiki-wiki (quickly), he thought best for his own safety to satisfy them. Se he went to a kahuna and told him about it. Th eold kahuna said that years ago the spring was polluted by a woman's looking at it and therefore it was very unlucky for anyone to open it. The man had to go through some curious ceremony of cutting off a rooster's head and casting it into the water, the kahuna chanting meanwhile. Then after paying a big fee to the kahuna, he was, in the eyes of the natives, safe.

Coming back by a different road we passed within sight of a vessel wrecked upon the reef just off Diamond Head. The cargo was being taken off, but the vessel could not be saved. We also passed a little grass house, the typical Hawaiian home. These grass houses consist of a framework of poles thatched overhead and on the sides with grass. They are very ingenious structures but not very inviting as they are dark, small and unsightly.

During our last evening on the island we took a drive out to Punahoe College where most of the white girls and boys attend school. The night blooming cereuses were in bloom and we wished to see them before we left. There was a stone wall along the front of the college grounds just covered with the great blossoms. Their odor was very sweet and they seemed to give out a light of their own. There were crowds of people there as it is only one or two nights in the year that they bloom profusely and we were surprised to see dozens of people load their arms with the magnificent blossoms to carry home, where they would reopen for several evenings if kept in water.

On our way back we passed a yard where there was a luau or native feast in progress. The guests sat on the ground around a feast spread on mats and consisting of poi, fish, meat and native fruits. Poi is a sour, greyish, paste-like dish made from taro on which the natives live almost entirely. The poi is served in large polished cocoanut shells or gourds called calabashes and is eaten with the fingers, every member of a whole family eating from the same calabash. Two little native girls told us that it was a wedding feast and that there were six roasted pigs and one bullock, all roasted in the ground!

After a delightful week of sight-seeing and pleasure we left Hawaii Nui (Dear Hawaii) Saturday afternoon. A number of friends were at the wharf of course, and loaded us with leis, the most of which we threw back just as the steamer was leaving. The Hawaiian band was at the wharf and the band of a U. S. warship in the harbor near by. Just as we left the wharf the Hawaiian band played Hawaii Ponoi, the national hymn of Hawaii .and as we steamed out of the harbor, the American band played the Star Spangled Banner.

There was a comparatively small quota of passengers on the return voyage but it was a pleasant one. The racks had to be put on the tables two or three times, however, and once we had quite a rough time for a few hours. Quite a stir was produced aboard ship when some one caught sight of a whale rolling and tumbling in the distance. It is really a remarkable sight to see them lashing their great tails and occasionally spouting water high into the air. We also passed within speaking distance of a U. S. warship but otherwise the voyage was uneventful.

We reached San Francisco early the next Saturday morning, but were unable to land till later for some reason. Most of the passengers arose at about four o'clock in order to see the sun-rise in the Golden Gate, which is one of the grandest sights imaginable. We were detained at the wharf for some time by the custom house officers who insisted on going through everything to make sure that we were not smuggling.

Altogether we had enjoyed every minute of our trip—excepting, of course, those of sea-sickness—but we were more than happy, to find ourselves in Uncle Sam's land again, and were much better able to appreciate the beauties of our own country than before. We must now bid the reader aloha (Note 1) hoping that he may sometime have the pleasure of visiting Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific.

Note 1—A native greeting or farewell.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

(Concluded.)

The negro crimes are principally the result of ignorance and irritation. In private the severest critic of these "brutes" is the negro himself. Lynchings do nothing except to barbarize the community in which they take place. They familiarize people with methods of savages and do not deter criminals. This awful evil of lynching is spreading at such a rapid pace that at the close of the 19th century, the foremost republic in the world is the scene of executions which are fast becoming extinct in Central Africa. Three fourths of the people lynched in the United States are negroes. And in nine cases out of ten the negro lynched is lynched for the crime of a white man, but all too late to save the negro from such a barbarous death. The white man is punished on conviction, the negro on suspicion. Give the negro victim a chance to prove his innocence before a cool, level-headed set of

jurors in open court and then there would be missing, as it should be, the unfavorable contrast between the white man and the black. But it is not proper to dwell upon the weaker and criminal element of a race in judging it. The negro should be judged as other men are judged, by the best that the race can produce and not the worst. The searchlight should be focused upon the many who have succeeded rather than the worthless element of the people.

The negro will not care to be educated if we take from him the right of suffrage. When I speak of education as a method of the solution of the race problem, I do not mean education in the narrow sense but education which begins in the home and includes training in industry and in habits of thrift, as well as mental, moral and religious discipline and the broader education which comes from contact with the public sentiment of the community in which one lives. This applies to the white man as well as to the black. As all classes of whites in the South become more generally educated in the broader sense, race prejudice will be tempered and they will assist in lifting up the negro. When all the conditions of the past are considered, and compared with those of the present, the South, the North and the negro are to be congratulated that matters are no worse but are as favorable as they are.

We must not pass judgment upon the negro too soon. It requires centuries for the influence of home, school, church and public contact to permeate the mass of millions of people, so that upward tendency will be apparent to the casual observer. It is too soon to decide what effect general education will have upon the rank and file of the negro race, because the masses have not been educated.

The negro's condition during slavery was not as hopeful as it is at the present time. His sins were checked then and his master punished him for them and they were not heard of outside of the one plantation.

In estimating the progress of the race, we should not consider alone the degree of success which has been actually attained, but also the obstacles which have been overcome in reaching that success.

Education at present seems to be the right solution to the problem. The right of suffrage must be based on educational lines. The whites must be educated until they reach that broad development which will lead them to treat the negro as his darker brother. And the negro must be educated until he is worthy to be recognized as a brother. What we most need is money to make the system most effective. The indications are hopeful, not discouraging; and not the least encouraging is the fact that in addition to the munificence of the northern philanthropists and appropriations of the southern state governments from common taxation, with the efforts of the negro himself, we have now reached a point at which the solution of this problem is drawing to its aid some of the most thoughtful and cultured white men and women of the South. When education has had its reign and the adjustment of races is complete we will be able to say with the poet:

For East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

—ETHEL BARNES.

Miscellaneous

THE STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

For the second time within the three years' existence of the Montana State Oratorical Association victory has crowned the efforts of the representative of the University.

In Helena, on Friday evening May second, amid the clamorous outbursts of the diminutive but telling delegation of rooters who acompanied our orator to the scene of the contest, the coveted prize of the oratorical championship of Montana went to Geo. E. Barnes.

The first contest, which was held in Missoula in 1900, was won by Laurence Hechler. In the second, held last year in Bozeman, the University was represented by Elmer Woodman. The prize went to Mr. Farris of the Agricultural college by a very narrow margin, Mr. Woodman holding second place.

These two contests placed the actual championship in doubt, but the signal victory of Mr. Barnes in the third contest brings it back to the University and enables us once more to display the banner of triumph.

All who had the pleasure of listening to the preliminary contest held at the University on March 28, in which Mr. Barnes won the right to represent the University in the state contest (as well as a comfortable twenty) were confident that the banner of the University was well placed in his hands and that he would carry it, as he has done, to victory.

The programme as rendered on the evening of the contest before a representative audience in the Auditorium at Helena was as follows:

1. Piano Solo—"The Flatterer".....—Chamanach
 Miss Hazel Arkwright
2. Invocation Rev. McNamee
3. President's Address.....L. E. Armitage
4. Vocal Solo—"Good-bye, Sweet Day".....Vannah
 Miss Edna Ridgeway
5. Oration—"America's Mission"
 C. P. Hargraves, Montana Wesleyan
6. Oration—"The Perpetuity of Our Republic,"
 Geo. E. Barnes ,University of Montana
7. Oration—"Another Prometheus,"
 Frank W. Ham, Montana State College
8. Music.....Helena Quartette
 Messrs. Ferrand, Mahaffey, Bickell and Kennedy.

9. Piano Solo—"The Two Larks,".....Leetischkey
Miss Edith Mills.
10. Music Quartette

JUDGES' DECISION.

Judges:

On Thought and Composition:
Prof. Carson, of Dillon.
Prof. J. H. McKay, of Hamilton.
Hon. J .H. Durston, of Anaconda.

On Delivery:
Prof. R .G. Young, of Butte.
Hon. E. D. Weed, of Helena.
Judge H. C. Smith, of Helena.

The markings of the judges by rank were as follows:

Judge.	Contestants.		
Though and Composition:	Hargrave	Barnes	Ham
McKay	3	1	2
Carson	2	1	3
Durston	2	1	2
Delivery:			
Young	1	2	3
Weed	1	2	3
Smith	2	1	3

After the contest a reception was tendered to the orators and delegates from the Agricultural College and the University and the judges of the debate by the faculty and students of the Montana Wesleyan University.

On the day following the contest the visitors were taken to visit the new state capitol building.

At the annual business meeting of the State Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Geo. H. Greenwood, Univ. of Mont., President.
Melvin Hunt, Mont. Wesleyan Univ., Vice Pres.
B. J. Jones, Agricultural College, Sec'y-Treas.

In the matter of entering the oratorical league of North and South Dakota, it was decided to defer final action until the next regular meeting.

No other business of importance was transacted.

An enthusiastic delegation of students met Mr. Barnes at the depot upon his return and tendered him a warm welcome home. On Monday morning, May fifth, special canvocation was held in his honor, where congratulatory speeches were given and a general jollification indulged in to celebrate the happy victory which had been won.

BIOLOGICAL STATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

MORTON J. ELROD, Director of the Station.

The summer station or field laboratory has become an indispensable adjunct to a large group of workers in botanical and zoological science. To these stations students, professors, teachers, and others turn for the double purpose of securing a change of work and thereby getting recreation, at the same time working to profit and advantage by studying living forms at close range in their habitals, making observations and carrying on experiments to better advantage than in a finely equipped laboratory. The results of the work done in various biological stations in different countries is proof of this, and many valuable contributions to science have been made through these channels for work and study.

The chief interest in a summer laboratory lies in its location with respect to the climate, flora and fauna of the surrounding country. Different countries and portions of countries have varying conditions of climate and surface topography. The selection of a place where the greatest number of problems may be had and the material reached with a minimum loss of time and expenditure of energy will to a great extent measure the success of the work undertaken.

The University of Montana Biological Station is located on the right bank of Swan or Bigfork river a short distance from Flathead Lake. The lake level rises in the spring, subsiding late in the summer. During this period the lake waters extend to the station grounds and offer a perfect harbor for boats, which may both at high and low water be brought near to the building. The contiguous territory offers a number of unique and advantageous conditions for the study and collection of biological material. In many respects the conditions for study are more favorable than those offered by other stations.

The elevation of the station grounds is about 3000 ft. Flathead Lake extends north and south a distance of 30 miles. Its greatest depth is 280 feet. Its banks on either side are made by mountain ranges. A terminal moraine banks its waters on the south, through which the outlet has cut a channel. South of the moraine the Mission Valley in the Flathead Indian Reservation extends for 35 miles. The southeastern arm of the lake is a vast swampy area. The Flathead river enters the lake from the north, Swa nriver from the northeast. Flathead river flows througn Flathead valley a distance of 40 or 50 miles before it enters the lake. The valley is partly wooded with large coniferous forests, the remainder being rich alluvial soil, very productive, with numerous swamps, ponds and lakes. East of the station the dense forest extends unbroken for many miles, diminishing as it extends higher and higher on the slopes of the Swan Range of mountains, whose rocky crests retain the lingering snows of spring until again it is spring. The Mission Range ends as such at the Swan river, the end being ground smooth by glaciers, leaving many small ponds in which life is abundant and isolated. Within a day's travel from the station one may find the deep water of Flathead Lake, rich farm land and large orchards, dense forests in which lives wild game in abundance, lakes covering hundreds of acres or dozens of square miles of surface, or dizzy heights rarely, perhaps not yet reached by man.

The station is maintained by appropriations from the funds of the State University and by funds contributed by private citizens. The building and equipment were secured through contributions. Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana has each year contributed generously to the expense of the Station. No fees are charged those in attend-

ance. The building furnishes facilities for outdoor work, for the preparation of museum material, for various lines of morphological study, and has a dark room for photography. The usual microscopical material and necessary chemicals are provided, taken from the University for use. The station possesses a vapor launch, a row boat, and for use where a boat must be transported a canvas boat is at hand. Besides these there are many boats using steam, sails, or oars that are available. Large parties may be carried anywhere by chartering one of the steamers which ply regularly across the lake.

The material available is rich in rare and novel forms, in opportunities for securing statistics in variation as affected by temperature and altitude, for continuous lim-



Views at the laboratory of the University of Montana Biological Station. From original photographs.

nological investigations in inland waters of low temperature, for the study of general and vertical distribution of both plants and animals ,for examination of isolated forms, and for a comparison of life in swift and cold water with that of opposite conditions.

The nearness to mountain ranges makes it possible to study arctic-alpine forms. The phylogenetic interest aroused by these plants is well known, and the mountains in which they are to be found is a paradise during the hot summer days. Certainly few places offer more diversified conditions for ecological studies, while the geological field is practically unworked.

The station is situated in the "embryonic" town of Bigfork, affording accommodations for a small number of visitors. As a consequence nearly the entire laboratory force live in tents, taking meals at the hotel. During the summer season this mode of life is very desirable, and induces the laboratory constituency to food and dress resulting in good health and greatest freedom in outdoor work. It also insures an element of mobility necessary for the success of the station, since an expedition of a day or a week may be gotten up on very short notice, no special preparation being necessary to organize an excursion.

Excursions are constantly being made lasting from one day to a week. The most notable excursion of the past year was made early in August. A party of thirty, including a group of twenty students from the University of Chicago under the direction of Dr. H. C. Cowles, was taken eastward a distance of ten miles to a main camp on the Blackfeet trail at the foot of MacDougal Peak. From this camp Rost Lake and Echo Lake were partially examined, and the peak ascended. The party made the ascent and return in safety, notwithstanding the number of the company, and were given opportunity to gather alpine forms in their native habitats and to note the more important facts of the vertical distribution of many plants and animals.

Another party of five made an excursion into the same range early in July. The party carried their sleeping bags, provisions, guns, cameras and collecting material. This party made many discoveries ,gathered valuable specimens, and named mountain peaks and ridges unnamed and unmapped before.

A third party of three later went deeper into the range, traveling miles of high ridges with packs and gathering

large numbers of valuable specimens and taking a series of valuable photographs.

The nearness of a laboratory to so many attractive places should call to it many who are anxious to see something of mountain heights, others who seek new fields for problems for study, and still others who may be shut in the greater portion of the year and who may wish to combine recreation among mountain peaks and premival forests with inspiring study engendered by such associations. A few hours on foot and the investigator may pitch his camp near eternal snow; in a day or two with his camp equipage carried by a packhorse and he may penetrate some of the wildest and most savage mountain fastnesses of North America. In two days one may find himself among dozens of mountain peaks which pierce the blue of heaven, with snow covered heads, and as yet unnamed. In a day he may reach the heart of the Mission Range, containing some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. In a day he may reach the Cabinets. The region is almost unexplored biologically, and only the more prominent topographic features are known. The collector may become an explorer, may ascend peaks never before visited by man, may revel in a wealth of material for study, and will return with body and nerves in trim for the hardest of work.



Views near the laboratory. From original photographs.

In addition to the excursions made from the station as a base other and more serious field work has been undertaken before or after the station work. During the past summer a party of five outfitted at Missoula and spent about six weeks in the field during June and July. The party traveled northward across the Cabinet range, then across Mission valley into the Mission Mountains, northward along the east side of Flathead Lake to the station, east to the Swan range of the Kootenais, into this range on foot, returning in July to the laboratory to take care of the students who came for work. During the trip ascents of different peaks were made, lakes examined, vallays explored, and routes for future explorations determined. Some of the geographcal and topographical places explored were Sin-yale-a-min Mountain and Lake, McDonald Peak and Lake, Teton Mountain, Silloway Peak, Craig Mountain, McDougal Peak, Dodge Mountain, Echo Lake, Rost Lake, Trail Lake, Placid Lake, Wolf Creek Canyon, South End Pass and Mission Valley.

The rich mass of material thus secured is being systematized under the direction of the biological department of the Unive.sity of Montana. One bulletin, "Summer Birds of Flathead Lake," by P. M. Silloway of the station staff, has already been issued. Many contributions have been made to the life-history and distribution of the mollusks, birds and larger mammals of the state. A fair collection of insects has been secured. The botanical investigations so far carried on have been chiefly by co-operation of the New York Botanical Garden, and important data were secured upon the desert and xerophytic flora both of the plains and higher altitudes. The botanical colelctions made at the station and during the summers' collecting numbers many thousands of specimens.

The station has been in operation three seasons, during which time about 60 persons have taken advantage of

the opportunities it presents, representing nine states. The points to be considered among its advantages are the inexpensiveness of a summer at the place, opportunities for healthful recreation, serious alpine climbing under competent guidance, sailing or rowing on the lake or bathing in it, and a camp on the banks of one of the best streams for trout fishing in the state.

The above is but a short sketch outlining briefly the advantages which the station affords. While the station is distant several miles from the railroad it is in direct communication with the world. Bigfork has daily mail, telephone, a large electric light plant, and the cutoff railroad line to be built will make the region easily accessible.

During the past summer excursions were made, taking the students attending to Rost Lake, Echo Lake, Swan Lake, to the summit of MacDougal Peak, across Flathead Lake, to the moraine and rapids at the foot of the lake, and to various points in the contiguous territory. These excursions will be taken during the coming summer.

For the coming summer there has been outlined a series of lectures, to be given daily, principally on topics relative to the region. During the past sessions of the station the most important and pressing work has been to locate accessible and important collecting regions in such a wide and sparsely settled section of country. Owing to the necessity of looking after both transportation and living this has been no light task. This being in part accomplished the station staff of instructors is now able to successfuly care for parties from a distance and to direct them to suitable work fields. The first party of importance visited the station last year, when Dr. Cowles and nineteen students spent two weeks at the station. Mr. Whitman, of the same institution, the University of Chicago, will aid in the work of the station during the coming summer, and will be accompanied by a class who will spend a month in the region, largely in the field.

The reflex action of the work of the station on the general biological work being done in the state is already noticeable. With the low rates in force on western roads during the summer one may come out west from the middle states and return almost as cheaply as he can cross the state of Montana and return at local rate.

There is no reason why western men should go east every summer to prosecute outdoor study, when there is such a good, wide, and new field near at home. There is every reason why many of our estern friends should come west and aid in the prosecution of new subjects in an original field. With low railroad rates it is within the reach of many. The mountain atmosphere is always invigorating, but more especially so in summer. The station offers a haven where headquarters may be made, and where guidance and help may be had from competent persons to direct, with no loss of time, and with every probability of pushing work to successful issue. The opportunities for recreation while at work are apparent.

The writer takes this public way of thanking the many friends who have done so much to aid in establishing the station. It has grown from a very modest beginning to be of value to the community, and with continued support may wield a still wider influence in a wider circle of persons who are seeking just such a place.

Missoula, Mont.



Camp, ,collecting party at Sin-yale-a-min Lake, Mission Mountains. Photographed by Pro. J. M. Hamilton.

The University of Chicago is to have an instructor in Russiam, a native of St. Petersburg, now in the senior class, having been engaged.

THE UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL.

The following is the general statement with regard to the summer school which will be conducted at the University, during the coming season, as given in the announcement which has been published and which is procurable from Dr. O. J. Craig, Pres't Univ. of Montana:

The first session of the Summer School of the University of Montana will be held at the University. The session will begin on Monday, June 16, 1902, and continue six weeks.

General Statement.

The courses offered may be classified as follows:

1. Courses for which Preparatory Credit is given.
2. Courses for which Collegiate Credit is given.
3. Special courses for teachers and others.

The work given will be of special advantage to collegiate students desiring additional credits,—to Normal School Graduates and others who wish to obtain credit in the University with the ultimate intention of taking a degree, to High School teachers and to Elementary teachers who desire instruction in special lines, to candidates for State Certificates and for Professional Certificates, and to Preparatory Students and others wishing addition Preparatory Credits.

At the close of the session the Diploma Committee of the State Board of Education, will hold an examination for State Certificates. This examination will be held in University Hall.

Not more than three lines of work should be taken. Credits will be given in accordance with the amount of work accomplished.

University Equipment.

The Library, the Laboratories and the Museum afford excellent opportunities for investigation and research. The Library contains several thousand well selected volumes. Current periodicals and scientific publications are also on file. The laboratories in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Experimental Psychology and Engineering are well equipped and afford the student opportunities for individual work. The Museum contains a large amount of material that will prove valuable in the pursuit of different lines of investigation.

Instruction and Lectures.

The instruction will be given by members of the University Faculty and will be supplemented by lectures on subjects related to department work. These additional lectures will be given by men who are eminent in the educational profession.

Fees and Deposits.

An entrance fee of ($6.00) six dollars will be charged. Those taking Laboratory work in science will not pay any extra fees, but will be required to make a breakage deposit, as security for the return in good order of the apparatus that may be used. The entrance fee and breakage deposits must be paid the first week of the term.

Boarding Expenses.

There are no dormitories connected with the University, but board and room, including light and heat, can be had in private families at from $16.00 to $20.00 per month. Some students materially reduce expenses by renting rooms and boarding themselves.

Instruction will be given in all of the branches which are conducted during the regular sessions of the University.

Complete information with regard to details is given in the announcement above mentioned.

Much inquiry has already been received with regard to the work to be taken up and there are prospects of a very large attendance.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

Prize Contest in Declamation, Saturday, May 31, 8:30 p. m.

Baccalaureate Day, Sunday, June 1, 2:30 p. m.; Sermon by Rev. E. J. Groeneveld, Butte, Mont.

Annual Recital of the School of Music, Monday, June 2, 8:30 p. m.

Class Day Exercises, Tuesday, June 3.

Annual Lecture before the Literary Societies, Tuesday, June 3, 8:30 p. m.

Field Day, Wednesday, June 4.

Alumni Reunion, Wednesday, June 4, 8:30 p. m.

Commencement, Thursday, June 5, 10:30 a. m.

Commencement Address by J. W. Morris, President Montana Wesleyan University.

Locals

Nine Rahs! for Barnes!!

o o o

Tom Pope is taking work in the University.

o o o

"K—— did you get your note-book back? Oh, K——."

o o o

The "As You Like It" club were visitors at a recent convocation exercise.

o o o

W. O. C.—What is the shortest and most euphonious nickname for Jeanette?

o o o

Mr. George Greenwood has been elected president of State Oratorical Association.

o o o

The graduating class of 1903 have adopted blue and white as their class colors.

o o o

Homer MacDonald has taken a trip to Garnet, in order to obtain material relating to his thesis.

o o o

Prof. Wescott recently read an excellent article at convocation upon engineering in the U. S. Navy.

o o o

The Debating Team is hard at work . May we be as successful in the debate as we were in the oratorical contest.

A pleasant informal entertainment was tendered the Graduating Class by the class of 1903, on Monday evening, May 12.

o o o

After Woman's Hall is well under way it is stated that plans for the new gymnasium will be submitted and put before contractors for bids.

o o o

The debaters of the Pullman Agricultural College who will meet the University team are: A. L. Hooper, J. B. Cordiner and En N. Hinchliff.

o o o

Dr. Craig recently paid a visit to the High School in Butte and while there gave an address to the teachers of Butte at their monthly meeting.

o o o

The Browning Recital given by Miss Kellogg was extremely well received by all those who had the pleasure of attending, and it reflected great credit upon her abilities.

o o o

The senior class was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elrod, by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Elrod on May 15.

o o o

Mr. Bowen of the Geneva Nursery Co. has presented to the University fifty fine rose bushes, a gift highly appreciated by all. They have been planted in a plat west of Science Hall.

o o o

The University is proud of the fact that her representative has carried off the honors of the State Oratorical contest. May our next year's orator acquit himself as creditably as Mr. Barnes has done.

o o o

A meeting of the University Athletic Association was held on Wednesday May 14, at which the reports of the treasurer of the association and the secretary of the Board of directors were read and adopted.

o o o

A very pleasant entertainment was furnished during convocation hour by members of the elocution class. Those taking part were: Miss Annabel Ross, Miss Lucia Mirrielles, Miss Haines and Miss Johnson.

o o o

Those chosen to represent the University in the debate with the Washington Agricultural College of Pullman, which will occur in Missoula on May twenty-ninth, are Benj. Stewart, Harold Blake, Guy Sheridan, and Miss Myrtle Weber, alternate.

o o o

One of the pleasant happenings of the month was a reception tendered the members of the class of 1902 at the home of Miss Knowles. A delightful evening was experienced by all, Miss Reiley, Miss Corbin, Miss Knowles, Miss Hatheway and Miss Kellogg acting as hostesses.

o o o

The magnetic declination of the compass needle as determined by members of the surveying class on May 12, was 20 deg., 19 min. East of North. The declination was determined from the true north and south line established on the west side of the campus by the U. S. Geological Survey.

o o o

The contract for the construction of Woman's Hall has been let to Mr. A. W. Price.The cost of the structure, not including the heating apparatus, will be $20,183. The cost of the completed building including heating apparatus and furniture will aggregate in the neighborhood of $30,-000.00.

o o o

Those expecting to graduate next June have arranged for class exercises to be given on June the second. The programme will consist of a president's address by Harold Blake; a class history by Miss Pearl Scott; a class prophecy by Miss Margaret Ronan; a class poem by Miss La-Caff; and an oration by Guy Sheridan.

o o o

Special Arbor day exercises were held on Wednesday, May 14, in place of the regular convocation exercises and were attended by all of the students, each wearing a boquet of native wild flowers. The programme was prepared by Prof. Hamilton and was very interesting and instructive. Harold Blake read the proclamation of Gov.

o o o

There was recently planted around the campus a double row of Carolina poplars. Midway between each two of these, elms and other hardwood trees were also set out. The poplars being of a variety which grows rapidly, are for temporary beautification of the campus. They will from time to time be removed as the hardwood trees become sufficiently large.

o o o

The informal reception tendered the senior class by the class of '03 on Monday evening May 12, was a most pleasant affair. The function took place at the University. The entertainment was dancing which all participated in, after the guests had been received by a committee of the class of '03 in Literary Hall. Excellent music was provided by Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Price. Delicious refreshments were served in the library upon tables prettily decorated in colors of the two classes. The Juniors are model entertainers.

o o o

Toole declaring a legal holiday for the planting of trees. Miss Weber read a short history of the inauguration and observance of Arbor Day, and a vocal solo was rendered by Miss Kellogg. Prof. Elrod gave an instructive talk on the wild flowers of Montana, dwelling especially on their great abundance, variety and beauty. Following the above programme two beautiful trees, one a mountain ash and the other a cut-leaf birch, were dedicated to the late President McKinley and J. Sterling Morton, founder of Arbor Day respectively.

o o o

Through a transfer recently made by the Northern Pacific Railway Co., the University comes into possession of a valuable strip of 40 acres of land. The land included in the donation lies upon the western slope of Old Sentinel immediately east of the campus. The United States government has been asked to donate an additional tract

which embraces the crest of the mountain. The land asked for is government property and is unsurveyed. The purpose is to in time establish an astronomical observatory upon the top of Mt. Sentinel, in connection with the University.

o o o

Prof. Elrod, by means of two thermographs recently acquired by his department, is securing a series of records of the temperature which will be of great interest and value. One of the thermographs he has placed on top of Mount Sentinal, and one is kept at the University. They work upon the principle of the expansion and contraction of a sheet of metal with the successive changes in temperature and by means of them a graphic and permanent record is made which enables one to tell with considerable accuracy the temperature on any given day and at any hour or even small fraction of an hour.

o o o

The entertainment given in the Union Opera House by the Bozeman Glee Club, composed of students from the Agricultural College under the direction of Prof. Currier, was most highly enjoyed by those who were present. The voices and selections were excellent and the club was deserving of a much better audience than was in attendance. It was a very noticeable fact and one to be greatly regretted that so few University students were present at the concert. Upon the occasion of another visit the Glee club would no doubt be tendered a much more fitting reception.

o o o

A great deal of attention was recently attracted by a beaver which was sent to Dr. Craig and which was brought by him to the University to be seen by the students. The little fellow was remarkably tame, permitting any one to stroke and handle him at will with out sign of viciousness. He was captured and sent in by Mr. Harry Kitts of Ubet, Montana. As there was no means for keeping him at the University, it was decided to send him to the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., where he will no doubt be considered a valuable addition.

o o o

On Tuesday evening, May the thirteenth the class of '02 was most pleasantly received at the home of Prof. Elrod in South Missoula by Prof. and Mrs. Elrod and Prof. and Mrs. Hamilton. Novel entertainment was afforded by cards pinned upon the wall, each bearing a puzzling series of sentences which when properly interpreted was found to represent the name of some one prominent in the Univrsity. Dainty and delicious refreshments were served after which the evening was given up to story telling and singing. Before departure each of the guests was presented with a souvenir picture of the University.

When will wonders in science ever cease? Last week a young lady and gentleman in the laboratory discovered a new chemical compound. They found that potassium iodide (KI) and sulphur (S) will write thus KI plus S two equals KISS. The ingredients unite with a sharp report; taste sweet; antidote, take enough to act as an emetic.—Ex.

Athletic Notes

The circular running track has been put into excellent condition by having the coarse gravel removed and a surface soil applied and well rolled.

A new twelve foot vaulting pole and several hammer handles have been added to the athletic equipments.

The novel plan of allowing a large herd of sheep graze on the weedy baseball diamond, in order to clear it, was recently hit upon by Gardner Spohn, and tried with more or less success.

Below are given the results of the preliminary field meet which was held on May 16, to determine who should represent the University in the track meet to be held at Pullman on the 24th inst.:

100-yard dash—Farrell, 1st; Pope 2nd. Time not taken.

Standing broad jump—Hay, 1st, 8 ft., 8¼in.; Waters, 2nd.

Running broad jump—Hay, 1st, 17 ft., 11½ in.; Pope 2nd, 17 ft., 9¼in.

Running high jump—Pope 1st, 5ft., 1 in.; Hay 2nd, 4 ft., 11in.

Shot put, (12lb.)—Craig, 1st, 35 ft., 3in.; Marceyes, 2nd, 34 ft., 5 in.

100-yard hurdle—Pope 1st.

Running hop, step and jump—Pope 1st, 39 ft., 10½ in.; Hay, 2nd.

Hammer throw (16lb.)—Marceyes, 1st, 105 ft., 1¼ in.; Craig, 2nd.

220-yard dash—Pope 1st; Farrell, 2nd.

Pole valut—McPhail, 1st; Craig, 2nd.

¼ Mile run—Watters, 1st; Garlington, 2nd.

Exchanges

Never tell all you know; save some thought for seed.—Bill Nye.

Harvard has two eating houses that together accommodate 2,000 students.

Ohio State University has received the flag which floated over Manila ,and which was pulled down by Capt. Hamton.

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"Did you see a man around here with one leg named James?'

'Could you tell me the name of the other leg?"—Ex.

Boston!

Street Car Conductor—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl—If the corporation does not object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics.

A little girl was asked in her Sunday school class, "What is a lie?" She answered fluently, but somewhat mixed, "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble."

"Ma and Pa went off
To take a little trip,
Ma she took the smallpox
Pa he took the grip."

Speeding the Guest.

When a Burmese visitor leaves a house he has no word for "good bye." He says, "I am going," and the person he has been calling on responds, "Please to go."

In Geometry: How many sides has a circle?
Pupil: Two, sir
Prof: Indeed, what are they?
Pupil: An inside and an outside.
And the Prof. had to laugh to keep strangling.

I asked a poet once what single word
His soul did prize, all other words above.
A far off look came into his dreamy eyes
As with a sigh he softly whispered, "Love."
I put the question to a Senior girl;
She smiled and said, "In Chemistry 'tis writ,
Along the line of a fine print page,
It is the goodly little word, "Omit."

A traveling man who drove across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day met a farmer hauling a wagonload of water. "Where do you get water?" he asked. "Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied. "And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep." "Why in the name of sense dont' you dig a well?" asked the traveler. "Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

I've stood beside the cataract
Of great Niagara's flood;
I stood with Lee at Malvern Hill
And saw the earth drink blood.
I've seen the Vatican at Rome,
And St. Paul's—but alas!
These are but molecules beside
Our present Senior class.—Ex.

The colored students of the University of Michigan have formed themselves into an organization with the object in view of bringing students of their own race to the university who are desirous of obtaining an education and have not the means to do so. The association expects to provide poor students with work, lodging and books, giving the kind of help that places its recipients on his own resources.

College Life.

A maze of books, a waste of thought,
A labyrinth of sport—and naught
You say, that's real, that proves
A vital spirit in us moves.

You see beneath December's sky
A field, black, barren; in July
You look upon this field again.
'Tis golden with its wealth of grain!

—Occident.

One of the many botanical curiosities of the island of Ceylon is a fruit which bears what is said to be the mark of Eve's teeth. The tree on which it grows is known as "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful, and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact together with the poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties.

Mr. Hanji Shimotome, an instructor in the technical institute of the University of Tokio, Japan, is spending a year in this country, by direction of the Japanese government ,for the chemical study of two important industries, those of beet sugar and petroleum. At present he is at work upon petroleum products in the chemical laboratory of the University of Michigan. In the first semester he was engaged in sugar chemistry in the same laboratory. He is to visit the oil districts of Texas, and has worked in the sugar factories of Michigan. He has already studied these subjects in Germany, and next year returns to his work in Japan.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did that Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card tonight?"

"His work was pressing, Father, dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew,
"It's surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

She Learned Too Much.

She could talk on sociology, on ethics, physiology,
She could wrangle all the problems that are making people think;
She could warble on sobriety and vivisect society,
And when she wrote an essay—well, it took a tub of ink!

She reviewed the latest novels, and she spent her time in hovels,
Where she strove to teach the poor folk how to master Maeterlinck;
She knew all about musicians and their famous compositions,
And she never had an equal when she graced the dancing hall.
Could convey her thoughts and actions by the slightest little wink.

At tenpins she bowled highest, in golf she was the spryest.
And in whist she talked the loudest of them all;
She could make the finest ra'bit and she graced the riding habit,
And she never had an equal when she graced the dancing hall.

But the bridegroom still he tarried, and as yet she isn't married,
Though her arts and her devices they are always to the touch;
Now today her heart is saddened and her mind is angered, maddened!
With the thought that, after all, she learned too much.

For the maids who were "light-headed," they have all long since been wedded.
And this modernesque Aspasia simply decorates the wall.
So the moral to this jingle—if you fain would tarry single,
Just wear a pair of glasses and pretend you know it all.

"The Ancient Roman."

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus
And elegant cravattum,
A maximacum laude shirt,
And such a stylish hattum!

A TALE OF WOE.

She used to walk around the block,
And loiter in the hall,
So when those dread "two periods" came
She didn't pass at all.

The night before the finals
She burned the midnight oil,
She sat up all the night to cram
And wasted lots of toil.

Alas! Alack! when daylight brake,
With weary eyes and head,
She cursed those idle useless days
And wished that she were dead.

Next morn before the school was called
She interviewed the Proff.
But he was stern, and hard as fate
And said "You can't get off."

Well, sad to tell, this little maid,
Did not show up next morn,
And n'er again she'll come to school,
'Till Gabriel blows his horn.
Moral—Begin to cram earlier. —Ex.

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc
He bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, though,
He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quosque tandem?)
At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees,
And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor, opus est,
Oh, where's my hic-hic-domus?"
Although he lived in Rome—
Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a different thing
Was the homo (dative, homini)
Of far away B. C.
Near us of Anno Domini!

—Exchange.

THE WRONG NUMBER.

The telephone girl and the bill clerk to whom she had promised her heart and hand, were sitting in front of the fireplace talking about the happy days to come when they would be one.

From one little detail to another the talk finally drifted to the subject of lighting the fires in the morning. On this point the young man was decided. He stated it as his emphatic opinion that it was the wife's place to get up and start the fires and let her poor hard-working husband rest. After this declaration there was silence for the space of three-quarters of a second. Then the telephone girl thrust out the finger encircled by her engagement ring and murmured sweetly but firmly:

"Ring off please, you have got connected with the wrong number." —Ex.



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ıme 6, No. 1 October 15, 1902



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Edited and Published by the
Students of the University of Montana

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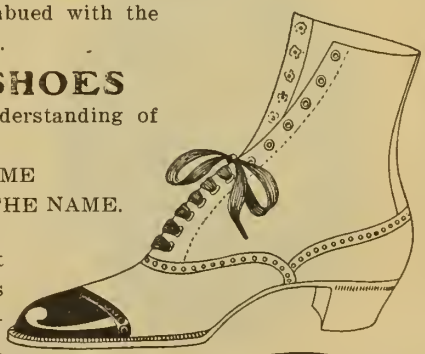
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Editor-in-Chief Mrs. Charles E. Avery, '03
Literary Editors..Misses Lillian Jordan, '03, Nell Lewis, '06
Local Editor Florence Wood, '06
Exchange Editor Leslie Sheridan, '03
Business Manager Elmer Woodman, '06

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Missoula, Montana.

MISSOULA, MONTANA, OCTOBER, 1902.

Editorials

With this issue of the Kaimin, the new editorial staff makes its little bow to the faculty and student body of the University of Montana and the public at large.

We solicit from you your hearty co-operation and support of this our venture into the untried field of journalism. We ask that you aid us both in the matter of liberal patronage, in the way of subscriptions and also contributions. All will be gladly and thankfully accepted.

We would also kindly request that you be not too severe in your criticisms of our maiden efforts in this direction. It will ever be our highest aim to have the best interests of the University at heart and do our utmost for its advancement in every department. We are proud we have been honored by this important office in University affairs,and it shall be our endeavor to show our appreciation by earnest and faithful work, even though it may not be above criticism.

The editorial management cannot hope to obtain the best results unassisted by every one who is in any way interested in the welfare and prosperity of our institution of learning. Kindly bear this in mind the coming months and thus render it more nearly possible for us to attain to our highest ideal in this important branch of our University work.

Within the past three months there has died two men who ranked high in the field of education.

On July 26 Dr. Charles Kendall Adams passed to his reward at the age of 67 years. His name is identified with three leading American universities. For ten years prior to his death he had served as president of the University of Wisconsin. During his incumbency in this position the institution became one of the leading universites of the world. He gained a national, yes, international reputation as the head of the department of history and political science in the Michign university. Dr. Adams was chosen to succeed Dr. Andrew D. White, president of Cornell university upon the latter's retirement. He served in this capacity for seven years, and developed a broad capacity for university administration. His name will live long in our memory on account of the part he took in the advancement of historical research in this country.

From a financial standpoint (which is a selfish one) the University of Wisconsin will not suffer by his death, as he left the major portion of a large estate for the endowment of fifteen fellowships in the institution.

About the fifth of September the world was grieved to learn of the death of Rudolph Virchow—"The Exponent of the Democracy of Learning." It is a sure foundation upon which his claim to immortality rests—upon inestimable services to mankind, through his contributions to the science of healing and to knowledge of the human body. To him more than to all others the practice of medicine owes its elevation from a trade to a science.

In addition to his invaluable contributions to knowledge in every field of science, he also became during his fourscore years a great citizen and a great statesman. His early life gave no promise of the brilliant and superltively useful career before him. He began the study of medicine at 17 and received his degree in 1843. From that time forward his advancement in his chosen profession was rapid and brilliant. His liteary and scientific activity was incessant. Until his final illness he never ceased to work and teach. A mind like his could not be contented until it had mastered the living languages of the world,

He was not only a teacher of the thousands of medical students who gathered in his lecture room from all parts of the world to witness the extraordinary skill with which he used the knife, but also he was the instructor of the public at large.

Virchow was a great teacher. He was pointed out as "the man who knew everything." He was called the "Father of Pathology." His institute has been the fountain head of pathological knowledge ever since pathology took firm rank as an independent science.

Notwithstanding his numerous other duties, he found time to devote to the service of the state. The highest kind of patriotism, the most conscientious pride in the civil life of which he was a part impelled him to take office.

Lord Lister, one of the speakers on the occasion of Virchow's wonderful eightieth birthday celebration, an event in the scientific world which drew devotees from all parts of the globe to the home of the Berlin savant, said: "All the bodies join in the recognition of your gigantic powers,

in gratitdue for the great benefits which you have conferred on humanity, and in admiration of your personal character, your absolute uprightness, the courage which has enabled you always to advocate what you believed to be the cuse of truth, liberty and justice, and the genial nature which has won for you the love of all who know you."

It takes but a casual glance into the affairs of the University to realize that it is in a flourishing condition. The attendance so far this year is larger than it has been at the same time in any previous year.

There are many new faces to be seen among the students, especially in the Preparatory Department. To all of those who have just entered our midst we extend a cordial welcome, and trust that your associations in University circles will be both pleasant and profitable.

While it may appear to the new comers that many of the old students are not as sociable as they might be, yet this is not on account of the fact that they are naturally unsociable, but is because they are so busily engaged with their own affairs that they haven't time to extend the right hand of fellowship, or be as friendly as they might otherwise. We want those who are strangers among us to make themselves at home at once, to use a homely expression, and to identify themselves with our interests as soon as possible, and it will not be a great while before that strange feeling will wear off and you will get over that spell of homesickness, which is a common ailment of all those who leave home for the first time to attend college.

From all reports, the reception given Friday evening, October 10th, at University hall, by the old students to the new was a complete success in every respect. Such an event has become a permanent feature near the beginning to the college year. Those who have been in attendance in previous years join as hosts in tendering the new students a reception or social for the purpose of giving an opportunity to all to meet each other and become better acquainted than is possible in the mere routine of college work.

The one held this year appears to have eclipsed all former ones, judging from the number present and the good time which every one seemed to have. There was much merriment and jolly good cheer.

The music furnished by Owen's orchestra was fine and much appreciated and the refreshments served were simply "out of sight." That is they were in a very few minutes after those present had an opportunity to sample them.

There is every indication with the start that has been made thus early in the year, that the two literary societies are going to do good work during the coming year. We hope better than has ever been done in the previous history of the University. While we have no fault to find with the previous record of these societies, yet there is room for improvement.

We would urge that many students become members of these organizations and thus take advantage of a training that cannot be procured outside of a literary society hall. The average student little realizes the benefit to be derived from active work in such an organization, until he has tested it, and many are to apt to underrate its advantages.

We have a fine hall, well furnished and lighted and it would be a pity for any student not to take advantage of this excellent opportunity to add to his store of knowledge.

The prospects for a successful season in athletic sports are exceedingly bright. The recent meeting of the Athletic association, at which officers were elected and subscriptions taken for the better maintenance of this important part of college work, aroused much enthusiasm. The spirit which the students manifested on this occasion is an indication that we shall come out more than victorious in every athletic event this season.

A large number of last year's team is with us this year and they, together with several new young men, who are on our rolls and who will no doubt delight in taking part in this healthful exercise, will give us one of the strongest football teams in the state. With a competent coach and regular, earnest and persistent practice, our boys will soon be in condition to tackle anything in shape of a football team.

The Kaimin ought to be in the hands of evry student in the university. In other words, each one taking work in this institution should be a subscriber to our college paper. It needs your support, and you cannot hope to keep in touch with university affairs without it.

As a result of an effort recently made to secure subscriptions, eighty-five signified their intention of taking the paper. We are grateful to those for their interest in our publication, but there ought, at the least calculation to be one hundred more subscribers in the university. We hope to build up a larger advertising patronage than we have at present, and this desire can be more easily accomplished if we have a large circulation.

All who have not, subscribe now for our college publication, and thus help to boost it along, and make it a more complete success.

The advice of Foot Ball Coach Peck in his address to the students the other day at convocation relative to the use of tobacco, especially cigarette smoking, and alcoholic stimulants was excellent and timely. No one who indulges in these habits can hope to surpass on the foot ball field, or indeed in any other kind of athletic sports. However these habits not only unman the student from a physical standpoint, but also from a mental. So we would urge our boys to refrain from such indulgences, not only during the foot ball season, but all during the year. Temperance for a short time is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. If such advice is good to follow at all, it is worth while to be guided by it all the time.

It is the intention of the Kaimin management to have a number of special issues during the year. That is issues devoted more or less exclusively to one particular subject. The November issue will be the Thanksgivng number given up largely to articles appropriate to that festive season.

In the December issue we expect to make athletics a particular feature. The Thanksgiving foot-ball games will

then have been played and the results known, and other out-door sports will practically have ceased, and to close out the season in proper style, we have considered it not out of place to issue a special athletic number at that time.

An important step in the right direction was taken recently at a conference of representatives from the various colleges of the northwest assembled in Spokane. An association was formed which has for its object the regulation of intercollegiate contests. In the past too many professionals have been allowed to engage in college teams for the good of clean and purely college athletics. The rules of this association will bar such from college contests. No better move could have been made. It is likely that a more extended account of this meeting, with details as to object and plans, will appear in a later issue of the Kaimin.

We were pleased to have with us at a recent convocation an honored visitor, the Rev. Walter Hayes, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Missoula. We listened with interest and pleasure to his eloquent and scholarly address. We were pleased to learn that this is only one of a series of talks by this popular minister. If this, his first effort, is a sample of those to follow, we can assure him a hearty welcome on all occasions.

Such addresses are always listened to with interest by the student body and are of great benefit to them, in that it stimulates to greater effort to master the various difficulties, which are encountered in every subject.

Two new buildings will soon adorn our campus, in addition to those already there. These have been started since the close of school last year. One is the Ladies' Dormitory, which will fill a long felt want, in that it will accommodate a large number of young lady students, who have heretofore not been able to find suitable quarters within convenient distance of the University.

The other new building is the Gymnasium, which has also been much needed and will be highly appreciated by all those who indulge in athletic sports.

It will be our aim to have the Kaimin in the hands of our patrons by the 15th of each month if possible. Unforseen difficulties may arise sometimes to delay publication, but under ordinary circumstances we believe we can get out of print on schedule time.

Literary Department

LITTLE NELL.

L. F. J.

Dickens struck a chord of gentle but infinite sadness when he gave to the world Little Nell. She came from that far, dim region peopled by genius and imagination, then she went away when she had completed her mission here on earth, and had been bruised and broken by the unthinking neglect and unkindness of those who loved her most, but whose minds were too dull to understand the delicate mechanism of hers.

Surely love and thought had been perfected in her. Such spirits as hers are not meant for this rugged earth. Sometimes we meet them, but they soon fade away like some fragile flower that lifts its delicate leaves to the morning sun but perishes in the glare of noonday. The body cannot reach the heights to which such a spirit soars and so must perish. Dickens gave to her one of those master souls; the greatest example of which we have had was that of Christ himself. She knew the sins and dangers and strife of the world, but her mind did not dwell on them except, perhaps, in pity, such as angels feel. Amid sin she walked unspotted; amid dangers with peace of soul.

As the poet's flower that yields a shelter to the lingering dewdrop, so this little child had her work to perform in the world. One feeble old man, deluded like many other poor souls who think one more throw of the dice will surely bring them luck; desiring riches for her when all the wealth for which she wished was peace; wasting away his life, and at last hers by his very solicitude and love—her grandfather was her one care.

What a picture the author gives us. The child, in the great, lonely house, sleeping peacefully in her little bed, guarded only by angels and one, perhaps, the spirit of her mother; the old man, in a noisesome den, staking his hard earned money with a prayer that he might win for the child's sake.

See her when she is leading the old man. She had undergone both physical and mental suffering, and was now weak and ill. They were in a part of the country stricken with poverty and disease. "And yet she lay down with nothing between her and the sky; and with no fear for herself, for she was past it now, put up a prayer for the poor old man. So very weak and spent she felt, so very calm and unresisting, that she had no thoughts for any wants of her own, but prayed that God wouldraise up some friend for him.

Perhaps her unselfishness is better illustrated by her grandfather's lamentations: " 'Her little homely dress, her favorite!' cried the old man, pressing it to his breast and patting it with his shriveled hand. 'She will miss it when she wakes See here, her shoes, how worn they are; she kept them to remember one last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me afterwards that the stones had cut and bruised them. She never told me that. No, no! God bless her! and, I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was—but yet she had my hand in hers, and seems to lead me still.' "

Little Nell was what would today be called an old-fashioned child, for the qualities of childhood and maturity were strangely mixed in her. She had a child's trust and insight into human nature—yet it can hardly be called insight for it is more from instinct a child trusts and distrusts. The old man, who met her and took her home when she had lost her way, said: "She put her hand in mine as confidingly as if she had known me from her cradle, and we trudged away together, the little creature accommodating her pace to mine, and rather seeming to lead me than I to be pro-

tecting her. I observed that every now and then she stole a curious look at my face as if to make quite sure that I was not deceiving her, and that these glances (very sharp and keen they were, too) seemed to increase her confidnce at every repetition."

But she possessed the firmness of a woman when she urged her grandfather to fly with her to escape the trouble his gaming fever had brought upon him. "She took him to her own chamber, and, still holding him by the hand, as if she feared to lose him for one instant, gathered together the little stock she had, hung her basket on her arm and led him forth, while he, subdued and abashed, seemed to crouch before her, and to shrink and cower down, as if in the presence of a superior creature. The child herself was conscious of a new feeling within her, which elevated her nature, and inspired her with an energy and confidence she had never known. There was no divided responsibility now; the whole burden of their two lives had fallen upon her and she must think and act for both. 'I have saved him,' she thought. 'In all danger and distress, I will remember that.' "

And the great Creator saw fit to transplant this rare flower before it withered on this earth. He led her to one of his holy temples, where, in the dim light of the old church, she communed with Him; "heard the organ swell, and voices on the rushing wind,' and gradually prepared her for her last journey. Then, when her friends came, she was dead. "There upon her little bed she lay at rest. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death." So passed away this beautiful character, "a simple child whose exterior did belie its soul's immensity."

"SHADES OF THE PAST."

In the basement, side by side, casting a reproachful glance at all who pass them by, thinking, no doubt of their former popularity, of the days when more sought them than they could accommodate, of their former joys, sorrows, excitement, pleasures, pains, vitality and life—there listless and inactive hang the Basketball suits.

How they must chafe at their present existence! Day after day a stream of busy, tired, heavy-eyed girls pass them by, talking of Latin, French, German, Greek; but not one word of interest to them.

Not one girl with bright eyes and blood rushing through her veins to tell of this good throw or that.. Of the foul she had made of the yells that had encouraged her, or how a sudden run and quick throw changed the game.

How dull life is now! In those halcyon days heavy eyes or headaches from indigestion or lack of exercise were unknown. Then the only sorrow known was a reprimand from the coach or a fall from first to second team.

And at night after the dull creatures have departed with their interminable talk of candy, French, dancing, music, flowers and German, one by one the suits rise and recount their deeds and in the ghostly moonlight rehearse their parts, gliding backward and forward, catching and throwing a phantom ball, whispering in ghostly tones the yells that gladdened them into quicker action in the past.

Again the game with Helena is rehearsed. Vainly the ghostly team struggled with an unseen foe. A phantom suit glides up and throws a goal while, like the sobbing of a distant sea the word "Mable," "Mable" is repeated while a distant yet clear "Maggie" is pronounced as a suit glides quickly here and there, waving its arms in ghostly imitation of its former actions. "Ethel!" "Rah! Rah! Eloise!" are faintly wafted through the air thick with the recollections of the past.

Just as the last moonbeam sends its rays down upon that phantom throng a sudden wail is heard as in one cry of agony and pain, mingled with deepest woe, each phantom to its accustomed nail returns and in ghostly, sobbie voice demands :

'Why is it thus? Ah, woe, woe unto us! Has not the 'varsity a debt to pay? To Helena does it not owe defeat?"

"Ah, woe is me! To idle remain, to quit the field, leave all to Helena! The championship of this our mountain state! Ah, let the spirits of our ancestors rise and chastise us for our cowardly deeds. From the old Romans let us learn to dare, to plan, to scheme, to dare to desert all, and follow basketball! O! Mercy have on us!"

L. MIRRIELEES.

THE FATE OF MOSES.

John Chesterfield closed with a sigh of regret the book which he had been supporting on his stomach as he lay sprawled at length in the hammock which swung on the shaded veranda.

"Gee!" he murmured. "That Sherlock Holmes was a brick. How he could follow up a fellow the way he did is more than I can see. Hi there! Here, Moses, you old sinner! Come here!"

There was a sound of flying gravel, and a tousled yellow dog stumbled up the steps and hurled himself indiscriminately on the boy's prostrate form.

"Stop that! My face doesn't need washing. Quit chat, Moses!"

Moses obediently subsided, and, pushing "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" to the floor, seated himself on that portion of the boy which the book had previously occupied, and with melancholy eyes contemplated his young master's face.

"You're a peach!" Moses licked his chops and wriggled uneasily. "Been fighting again, haven't you? At this the dog made an attempt to sneak under the hammock, but John intercepted this move. "Hold on here. I'm Sherlock Holmes and in about three minutes I'll tell you all about yourself. Let's see. No! Hold on, here; you're not going yet. You've been fighting a dog that's bigger than you are, because I know you wouldn't pitch onto one unless he was—although you did once. Hello! he had black hair, too, for here's some on your nose. Mighty funny hair for a dog; looks more like a—Jimminy! but he scratched your nose. You oughtn't to have tackled such a big one, old boy. But of course, you licked him, so its all right. Hurrah for brave Moses!"

In his enthusiasm John threw himself and the dog

out of the hammock, and, seizing the dilapidated Moses by his front paws began an impromptu jig.

There was a rustle of petticoats within and the hall door opened to reveal a face whose every feature betrayed wrath and indignation.

"Johnny, you horrible, horrible boy. To keep such a brute as that"—Moses here deemed it wise to make a hasty retreat toward the rear of the house. "It is awful! Just look at what he has done!" The pretty girl came forward holding in her arms a fat, black kitten. "Look at this," and she pointed to a tiny scratch almost hidden by the soft fur. "I will have papa shoot the beast tonight. It is a disgrace to the family anyway, to have such a cur around; but when he gets to killing poor little helpless kittens it is going too far. Tonignt! Do you hear?"

"Papa won't be home tonight, as you very well know. Besides, Moses doesn't pitch into animals smaller than he is himself." Johnny stoutly defended his pet, though deep down in his heart there crept up a feeling of disgust as he realized how the dog had come by his cratches.

Miss Chesterfield looked at her small brother with contempt. "Papa will return, and, if not tonight, that cur goes soon," and with these threatening words she sailed into the house, still bearing the black kitten, as though defending it from imaginary foes.

"What luck!" Johnnie sat down on the steps and gazed defiantly at the gate posts. "Poor old Moses! And just because he chased Marion's darned cat, and then got beat. What's the good of a fellow living anyway if he can't have a dog? I guess I'll go into the detective business and drown my sorrows. I'll bet Moses will be shot, no matter if I beg for a week to get him off, for what Marion says always goes."

A yellow head peeped around the corner and, an instant later, finding the coast was clear, the dog crept forward, and, slipping his cold nose into the boys' hand, joyously wagged his ragged tail.

A gentleman opened the gate and came up the walk.

"Hello, Johnnie! Is miss Marion at home?"

"Yes, but I—well I wouldn't advise you to see her now; she's mad as a hornet, and has just been out here planning to murder me and everybody else."

A light cough from within attracted the youngster's attention, but he went boldly on: "You'd better go home if you don't want to get into trouble. Of course, if you were Jim Lucas instead of Phillip Haley, you——"

"Good evening, Mr. Haley," came in dulcet tones from the doorway, as Miss Marion Chesterfield, smiling sweetly, tripped out to meet her guest. Mr. Haley drew a quick, short breath as he noticed on her finger a blazing solitaire in the accustomed place of a plain little pearl ring.

"I will not detain you but a moment. Marion, do you mean to say—Johnnie, I heard some one whistle for you at the back gate."

Johnnie took the hint, and, with a knowing smile, withdrew.

"Now, she'll catch it," he chuckled. "All good enough for you, Miss Marion, for you had no business flirting with him, when you were engaged to Jim all the time."

A half hour later Johnnie and Moses promenaded past the piazza. A newcomer had taken the place of Mr. Haley.

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, imp! How is that yellow cur of yours progressing? Looks as though he had run up against something not quite his size."

"He did," put in Marion in sweetly melodious tones; "he ran up against my kitten."

"Get up, Marion, you're sitting on my book! I want it. Well, please, then!" And, seizing his Sherlock Holmes, Johnnie stalked off indignantly. Just as he turned the corner a snatch of the resumed conversation of the two lovers came to him:

"Marion, if I meet that Phillip Haley here again there will be murder done."

"My dearest, I would gladly aid in the deed after what he said to me just before you came and rescued me."

"Silly old things," said Johnnie, pulling the rough ears of his dog. "Come on, Moses. We'll go down to the river and then I'll read you this good story about the "Speckled Band."

* * * * * -

It seemed to Johnnie that he had been asleep for hours, when he was suddenly awakened. What had roused him he could not tell, but he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes drowsily. He had a vague idea that some tragedy was about to be enacted, but all within was calm and quiet. The monlight streamed through the windows and the night wind gently moved the white curtains. He looked at his watch; the hands showed the time to be half past ten. He had been asleep, then, only half an hour. He got up and looked out of the windows—the same placid calm! No blood-curdling sounds smote his ears, and he looked in vain for the groping figures with glittering blades which he had half expected to see.

He could hear the river murmuring to itself in the dark. Then in a flash he remembered something. His precious Sherlock Holmes was lying down there on the river bank, soaking up the dew and damp of the moss. No wonder he had been awakened; he drew on his clothes hastily and slipped silently down the stairway.

The front door was standing ajar and he peered through the curtains expecting to see the accustomed sight—two forms rather blended into one, swinging in the hammock against a background of vines, but tonight no such a sight was to be seen.

"Gone for a walk, I suppose. No matter," said Johnnie, as he helped himself to a generous supply of candy from the box standing neglected on the wicker table beside the hammock. He opened the front gate and sped down the street. A very few moments only had elapsed when he plunged into the dense mass of trees which blocked his way to the river bank. It was not exactly a cheerful place at night, and although Johnnie experienced rather queer sensations in the region of his spinal columnn, yet he went bravely on, for it would not do for his beloved book to lie there in the damp grass and become warped and stained through his carelessness.

* * * * * -

"The night is too fine to sit here in the dark, even with you, Jim," Marion had said, earlier in the evening. "Suppose we walk."

A terrified howl from the rear of the house brought the girl to her feet.

My cat! That horrible dog is after her again. Jim, if you love me as you ought, you will take that miserable beast down to the river and drown him immediately!"

Jim rose and looked at her for a moment. The vines shut out the moonlight, and she could not see the twinkle in his eyes as he seized her hand and drew her after him.

'Come on," he said. "We'll do it. But what do you suppose your poor little brother will say?"

"What he says doesn't make the slightest difference to me. Whistle to the cur."

In response to the whistle a pale form came into sight, sniffed the air suspiciously, drew nearer; then, as Marion put out her hand, with: "Nice old doggie," drew away and vanished.

"Intelligent beast," remarked Jim. "He smells blood on your hands even now. Oh! wise young dog!"

Marion entered the house, and returned bearing gingerly between her fingers a dark object.

"It's the steak we were to have for breakfast, but anything can be sacrificed for the good of the cause."

"Namely, Miss Chesterfield's cat."

Marion laughed. "Here, Moses! He'll come now, all right, and it will be the smell of blood on my hands that will attract him. Come on, Moses!"

Together the pair crept down the street, Marion holding the meat temptingly near the dog's nose, yet never quite allowing him to grasp it.

The river bank was quickly reached and Jim, taking a small cord from his pocket, turned to the girl. "Now, my fair young murderer, I will let you find a stone to suit your fancy, for you know, it must be a big one, as you don't want the poor little beast to suffer. There, Moses, the halter is about your neck, so you may say your prayers and prepare to return to the bull rushes."

Moses whimpered, then snapped eagerly at the meat thrown to him. A heavy rock was soon found, but Marion did not see that Jim attached it only by two frayed fibers of the rope, nor could she see the expression in her companion's eyes.

"Any last embrace?" he queried, turning upon her. "Poor beast! How would you like to take a bath in that cold, dark water? No kisses for the brute? Well, Mosses, your time has come."

Moses had hardly finished his meat, and it was with a growl of anger that he was torn away. He struggled violently as he saw the deep water so close at hand, and whined pitifully.

"Jim, do you think it will be over with quickly? Are you sure you tied the rock on tight? Oh, do-o-n't: Oh! how can you be so cruel!"

The yellow dog had sunk beneath the swirling flood, and Marion fell down upon the ground, crying hysterically. Jim stood silent for a moment, and then as he saw a bedraggled form merge from the river a few rods below, and slink away into the darkness, he turned upon her:

"Murderess!"

"Don't! Isn't that some one coming? Oh, the poor creature! How could we have done it? To think of putting him into that awful water! Oh, Jim, will any one find us out? It is dreadful!"

"Does your conscience prick you already? Just think what it will be some four years later when you remember this dark deed. Poor wretch, he is dead now and will trouble you no more. But we had better leave before anything is suspected. Come; you have all night to think about your crime."

* * * * * *

John Chesterfield, detective, crept back into bed, trembling in every limb. His book still lay on the river bank, all memory of it driven out of his mind by the knowledge of the crime he had so nearly witnessed. He had just entered the thick clump of shrubbery which bordered the river when hushed voices reached his ears. He listened breathless. "Murderess!" he heard in a hissing whisper. His blood ran cold, and he crouched down in the shadow, every nerve alert. It seemed that he must scream aloud in his terror when a twig broke beneath his foot and the two figures paused, motionless. No detail of the conversation which followed escaped him. The voices were so strangely familiar and yet what could it all mean? Who was "Jim?"

The voices had suddenly ceased and the two criminals had passed, so close to him that he fancied he detected the odor of blood. He started as they stepped into the moonlight. The dark wrap had fallen from the girl's head and—Marion, his own sister passed before him and disappeared with her companion.

How he reached home, Johnnie scarcely knew; he only realized that he was safe in bed once more. He drew the covers about his head and shuddered; what was it he had heard? Had murder really been done? He tried to reason it out, but his reasoning faculties failed him. To think that Jim and Marion had done something—a dreadful something—that he did not dare even think of! Should he go and rouse the town? Never could he deliver his own sister into the hands of the law. Wild visions of himself taking the oath, then two limp forms swaying from a gallows, passed before him, and he closed his eyes to shut out the dreadful sight. He must think. That some one had been murdered was evident and that Jim and Marion were responsible was likewise equally clear. But who was the victim, and why had he been killed?

As if in answer came the portion of conversation which had followed him around the corner of the house earlier in the evening. "Marion, if I meet that Phillip Haley here again, there will be murder done" and "I would gladly aid in the deed after what he said to me before you came and rescued me."

Johnny groaned in agony. Mr. Haley was evidently the victim. Again and again he put the thought from him, endeavoring to laugh at the idea that Marion—tender-hearted Marion—could have, in any way, been implicated with a murder. He heard the lovers' voices as they parted, and heard his sister's light step upon the stair. How he longed to rush out and pour forth his confession, and beseech her to do likewise, but her door had closed, so, sinking down further among his covers, he sought to find some conclusion in the chaos of his brain.

Day was just breaking when he awoke. At first it seemed but a wild dream, then the scene so vividly impressed upon his memory came to him in a flash, and he

realized that the time for action had come.

Again he dressed and sought the river bank. No one was in sight and no sound broke the quiet of the early morning. Already he was on the spot, already—he gasped, and gazed in horror at a tuft of yellow hair which clung to a briar. He dropped on his knees, his eyes starting from his head. The grass at his feet was blood-stained! He could wait to see no more. That lock of hair proved conclusively his theory; he would have Phillip Haley's hair under any circumstances. Homeward he sped once more, and, pale and shivering, he threw himself upon his bed.

There could be no doubt of it—Marion was guilty of murder.

It seemed to him that centuries had elapsed when he heard the call to breakfast. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and was startled at the image reflected. He must not reveal his secret by his looks, so he dashed cold water upon his face in an endeavor to restore some of the accustomed color to his usually ruddy cheeks.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Johnnie? Are you sick?" This from his mother, as he entered the dining room.

"No, m," returned the boy, meekly. "But-er-I didn't sleep very good."

The door opened and Marion entered. Her eyes siught Johnnie's, she wondering if he had yet discovered his loss. The look which she met startled her; such a mixture of horror, rebuke and wonder she had never seen. Her heart failed her; she had had no idea that the boy would take it so.

"Oh, Johnnie! You have found out then? If you could only understand how I have been punished for it, even in my dreams, you would not look at me so. I will get you another dog today. What kind do you want? Oh, I will do anything for you. Only say you forgive me!"

John stared at her with wild eyes. Had she lost her mind?

"I don't know what you mean," he said impressively, "but I have seen the blood upon the grass and the lock of hair which was hanging on a thorn. Will you please tell me what that means?"

Her eyes wer full of tears now as she continued: "It wasn't his blood, Johnnie, that you saw—that—that was where he ate the beef steak."

"Where who ate the beef steak? Do you mean to say that you gave Mr. Haley poisoned beef steak and then drowned him?"

Marion shrieked wildly: "Mr. Haley! Who in the world—Johnnie for pity sake tell us what you are talking about."

"What in the world are you both talking about? Marion will you kindly explain matters," and Mrs. Chesterfield turned from one to the other with perplexity written in every line of her face.

Johnnie only gasped from time to time as he grasped the situation. It seemd as though a mountain had been removed from him, and for a moment he did not realize that he had really lost Moses.

Then with a burst of anger he recovered himself from the sense of joyfulness which seemed inclined to swell up within him. He opened his lips to pour forth his wrath when the swinging door opened and an inquisitive nose was thrust in. A moment later a yellow dog entered, with the air of one who knows that he is master of all he surveys.

With a whoop of joy Johnnie seized in his arms the bedraggled form, and Marion fondly pressed to her heart the rough head of the jubilant Moses.

NELL LEWIS.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

It was about one o'clock when we hitched our horses and proceeded on foot to the mill. Our path lay through the town and along the side hill and all the way the panoramic view was lovely. Here and there through the pines we caught fleeting glimpses of white tents dotting the hillside and looking delightfully cool and fresh.

After quite a laborious climb we reached the entrance of the mill, secured a pilot and began our journey of inspection. Our attention was first attracted to the hopper, which resembled that of an immense coffee mill and was used, as the name implies, to crush the ore before it could be reduced. Leading from this were a series of buckets or shovels which carried the crushed ore to tanks. These tanks, filled with cyanide solution, were used to liquify the gold after which it was passed into long boxes, much resembling the old fashioned sluices, but filled with zinc filings. After all the gold has ben taken up by these filings, it is treated with some very strong acid which leaves the gold in a pure state by decomposing the zinc.

While the gold is being secured in this way the waste material is passed out through a pipe and collected as tailings which are sometimes re-treated. However, this is seldom done, for the loss of gold by this process is comparatively small.

Having examined all of interest in and about the mill we proceeded to the mine which supplied the ore and was conveniently near. It was entered by way of a tunnel some twenty feet long and on entering each one of us was furnished with a candle whose rays were at first very feeble but waxed stronger as our knowledge of manipulation increased.

The chill seemed unendurable until we became used to it while the mud underfoot and the seepage overhead were continual sources of displeasure. However, we saw the veins of ore and pay streaks, climbed up ladders and down chutes, all the time tightly holding to our candles whose little beams seemed to cast a wonderful lustre upon our way.

At length, after getting sadly bedraggled we emerged from the mountain at a point exactly parallel to that at which we entered, feeling, indeed, repaid for our trip, insomuch as we possessed several pale looking specimens, sole souvenirs of a memorable trip.

A famous college president was addressing the students in chapel at the beginnnig of the college year. "It is," he said in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation that we have the largest preparatory department in the history of the school." Then turning to the scripture lesson for the day, the third Psalm, he read in a voice of thunder, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble us."—Exchange.

Athletic Notes

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

No doubt the most interesting and intertaining subject in university circles at present, is the subject of athletics. At the several meetings of the athletic assocaition much interest has been manifested, and thus far the work accomplished by the organization has been most productive of results. From a knowledge of the fact that over two hours were consumed in the election of officers, it seems assured that the officers selected will fill their positions wtih credit. Those who have been elected are as follows: President, George Greenwood; vice president, E. Williams; Secretary, Elmer Woodman. Prof. Hamilton, who is the faculty member of the board of directors, will fill the position of treasurer. The other members of the board of directors are: From the preparatory department, Joe Farrell; from the collegiate department, Mabel Jones and Herbert Hughes.

OUR FOOTBALL COACH.

Now that our new coach for the football team has arrived, foot ball practice is being rigidly carried out and we are positive of the fact that we will cheer for a winning team this year.

We are confident that we have made a good selection and have secured a man who will do the best in his power for the interests of the university football team. Mr. Dewett Peck is a Montana man, his home being in Deer Lodge, where his father is prominently identified with business interests. He received his education in the Iowa State College, where he learned much about the subject of football. In view of the fact that this is one of the largest colleges in the state, and that the team of which Mr. Peck was a member, is recognized as one of the best in the country, we know that our coach comes here well prepared to offer us the best of service.

He received his training under such men as Warner, Myers and Clinton of Leland Stanford. During his course in school he was not only a member of the football team, playing in the position of half back, but also served as a member of the track team. R. G. Clapp, the champion pole vaulter, was the coach of this team and from him, Mr. Peck received instruction on the care and training of men for events. Let us gvie him our active co-operation and support for we are sure that he will march at the head of a vcitorious team this season.

OUR MANAGER.

The board of directors have made an excellent choice in the selection of a manager for the football team. Under the careful management of "Senator" Jones we shall certainly secure games with the best school teams in the state, and we hope, only those which are termed school teams in every sence of the word. The football team of the university of Montana represents the leading institution of the state and the members do not care to play games with other than regular school teams.

Mr. Jones has had considerable experience along the line of athletics, during his connection with the university, and owing to his level headed qualities he will enter into no contracts or arrangements which are not perfectly just.

FOOTBALL PRIZES.

There will be two medals given this year to the members of the football squad, who do the best all around punting and the most faithful playing. The punting medal will be given to the one making theg reatest distance on a punt, drop and place kicking for goals combined. The other will be given to the one making the greatest distance on a punt, one having the best all around average.

These medals will be given by the coach at the end of the season. Rules governing contests may be had of Prof Hamilton.

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK.

The outlook for this season in basket ball is a most encouraging one. It is possible that several games will be arranged with outside teams. The games will be played on the Missoula grounds, and probably three teams from other parts of the state will be asked to come here. Active practice has not commenced, but the young ladies intend to begin practice in a few days. Those who will star the team this year are: Lucia Mirrielees, Eloise Rigby, Mabel Jones, Mirriam Hatheway, Carroll Wells and Maude Burns.

Literary Societies

THE HAWTHORNE SOCIETY.

Prominent among the organizations of this university, is a society of young men who meet together once in every two weeks for the purpose of training themselves along the lines of oratory and literature. They fully realize the necessity of the training and practice they receive in the literary hall, and they extend a hearty welcome to all new members of the school who might wish to join their number.

The Hawthrone Literary society is not a weak organization; it has taken a prominent part among the organizations of the school from the very beginning of the institution. In the old days it numbered among its membership many of the young men who are now taking an active part in the affairs of the state. Whether or not you may attribute it to the effect of the training of the society it is a most noticeable fact that the majority of those who identified themselves with this society during their course of study in the university, have achieved no little amount of success since graduation. It would be unjust to the other departments of the institution to state that the success achieved by those who have graduated from the school, was entirely due to the training received in the literary hall, but

nevertheless the training received in this society was of great benefit to the young men in later years.

What training is received in the literary society, which is of much benefit to the student? In the first place every member of the literary society if he be earnest in his work, gains a knowledge of parliamentary law which will be invaluable to him if he ever expects to figure in public life. The man today, who possesses a thorough knowledge of this branch of science, is well equipped to lead the deliberations of any organization of which he may become a part. Furthermore, the student learns the art of extemporaneous speaking. In no other way could the value of this art be expressed than in the words of President Craig in his recent address in chapel. President Craig stated: "The man who has power, is that man who can stand upon his feet and frame his thoughts into words."

Up to the present time the Hawthorne has held three meetings during this school year. No regular programme was carried out at the first meeting. The election of officers took place and those elected were as follows: President, E. Williams; vice president, M. Cockrell; secretary, Fred Frazer; treasurer, George Greenwood; first critic, Elmer Woodman; second critic, Claude Spaulding. At the following meeting the society resolved itself into a committee of the whole, in order to carry out some work in connection with the revising of the constitution. For some time there has been a movement on foot to revise the consitution and by-laws, and this work has finally been accomplished and the new constitution ratified. The new constitution, is much better in many respects than the old one, and under it the society will be able to resolve itself into better working order.

The last meeting of the Hawthorne was held on Friday evening, Oct. 3. A large number of members were present, and the programme carried out was a most interesting one. The programme was as follows: Extemporaneous speech, William Cochrane; reading, King Garlington; piano solo, George Greenwood. The subject for regular debate was: Resolved That reciprocity should be extended to the Cubans. The affirmative side was represented by Leslie Sheridan and the negative side by Claude Spaulding. Both sides were ably represented bpt the judges decided two to one in favor of the affirmative. The next meeting of the society will be held in the John Evans Literary hall on Friday evening, Oct. 17, and all those who are interested in this line of work are cordially invited to be present.

THE CLARKIA SOCIETY.

The young ladies of the university have an organization of which they may well be proud. The name of this organization is the Clarkia Literary society and it is carrying out a most interesting line of work. The society is fully as potent in the affairs of the school as the Hawthorne, if not more so. Meetings are held on Tuesday afternoons in the Evans Literary hall and up to the present time the work of this year has been carried out in an excellent manner.

At the first meeting the election of officers took place, the result of the election being as follows: President, Eloise Rigby; vice president, Lucia Mirielees; secretary, Ida Rigby; treasurer, Florence Wood; censor, Mabel Jones; critic, Nell Lewis; sentinel, Florence Johnson. No better staff of officers could have been selected and under their careful management, the society will certainly make rapid strides during the school year.

The programmes of the Clarkia society, whcih are somewhat different in style than the programmes of the Hawthorne, are unique in every particular. At each meeting the study of some author is taken up, this proving a most pleasant and profitable task. The first programme of the year was as follows: Quotations from Longfellow, by the members; character sketch of Longfellow, Nell Lewis; characteristics of Longfellow's poetry, L. Grant; recitation from Longfellow Lucia Mirrielees; anecdotes of Longfellow, Evelyn Polleys; current events, Mrs. C. E. Avery.

The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 21.

Locals

Don't forget this: "Even the Lillies of the field have beauty."

* * *

Miss Alice Herr of Flathead county is attending school this fall.

* * *

Lucia Mirrielees of Big Timber has returned to the university.

* * *

Miss Maude Burns of Twin Brdiges is a member of our school this year.

* * *

Miss Sadie Beckwith has for her guest Miss Fannie Beckwith of Boston.

* * *

Miss Ida Cunningham of Helena is a student at the university this year.

* * *

Miss Lola Ulm of Helena has returned to attend the university this winter.

* * *

Fred Buck of Stevensville has returned to continue his course in the university.

* * *

Bear in mind: "We will let our enthusiasm boil until old B's egg is well cooked."

* * *

Miss Glancey of Lewistown a former student, has returned from her summer vacation.

* * *

John Jones of Granite county has returned to the university to continue his course of study.

* * *

Hazel Wallace of Butte is one of the new students. She is a member of the preparatory department.

* * *

Moncure Cockrell of Deer Lodge has returned to continue his course of study.

* * *

Father Allaeys of Frenchtown was a visitor at the chapel exercises on October first.

* * *

Prof. Harkins enjoyed a pleasant visit at his former home in California during the summer months.

* * *

Miss Corbin was a student at Harvard university during the summer. She pursued a special course in literature.

* * *

The Hawthorne Literary society is preparing to hold a mock trial. Beware that your actions are not of a criminal nature.

* * *

One of our new students is Mr. Williams of Deer Lodge, who is trying for the position of half back on the foot ball team.

* * *

We are glad to welcome William Cochrane as one of our number again. He attended the university year before last.

* * *

George Lyons of Drummond, a former student at the U. of M. was a visitor at university hall the first week in October.

* * *

"The sun will never set upon the influence of the University of Montana." We are proud to be members of such an institution.

* * *

If you are not a subscriber for the "Kaimin," subscribe for it now. You should have the news of the University of Montana.

* * *

Prof. Rowe spent his vacation among the mountains in the interest of the school. He returned with several geological specimens.

* * *

Loe Greenough and Ray Walters have returned to school after spending the summer among the mountains in the Clearwater country.

* * *

Mr. Bunker from the university of Wisconsin is one of our number this year. He will be of much help in strengthening the foot ball team.

* * *

The address of Rev. Walter Hayes, delivered at a recent chapel exercise, was thoroughly appreciated by all members of the institution.

* * *

The bicycle shed is too small to meet the demand. So many wheels are being ridden to school that the shed will not contain nearly all of them.

* * *

Prof. William Aber enjoyed the summer vacation at his former home in New York. He also spent some time in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

* * *

We have a base ball team to be proud of for they won the first game of the season from the Businesscollege boys. The score was eleven to twelve.

Prof. and Mrs. A. L. Westcott visited friends aid relatives in Ohio during the summer vacation. They express themselves as much pleased with their visit.

* * *

Miss Hatheway spent the latter part of her summer vacation visiting relatives and friends in Seattle. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Alice Hatheway.

* * *

Agnes McDonald of the alumni association will probably spend the winter in Missoula. She and her mother are residing in the Durfee house on South Third street.

* * *

Among the new students is Miss Jennie Bishop of Great Falls, who has completed the high school course there. She will pursue literary subjects in the collegiate department.

* * *

Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Dungan passed through the city yesterday enroute for Whitehall, where he goes to hold meetings. While in the city they visited at the university.

* * *

"The University of Montana is not an experiment." Neither is the Kaimin. Give us your loyal support and we promise to issue one of the best college papers in the Northwest.

* * *

Our total enrollment to date exceeds the entire enrollment of last year. Students, three cheers for the University of Montana! We are members of a steadily growing institution.

* * *

Leslie Wood is another orator who has appeared within our midst. He is pursuing special studies at the university, and the students are glad to welcome him as one of their number

* * *

The campus never looked more attractive than at present. Those who cared for it during the summer deserve much credit for the excellent manner in which they carried out their work.

* * *

There were no exercises at he university Oct. 2, as this was Missoula day at the Western Montana Fair. Most of the students attended the fair and spent the day in a pleasant manner.

* * *

Montana! Mo n tana!
Zip, boom, ba!
U. of M! U. of M!
Rah, rah, rah!

* * *

Prof. Elrod has received several donations for the museum and he is preparing them to be placed along with the other exhibits. The donors are Judge Hiram Knowles, Dr. W. B. Parsons and George Graham.

* * *

Fellow students, do you know that "the people in China and Mexico do not know as much about athletics as a mule does about the nebular hypothesis?" I wonder why, and if so what difference does ti make to us.

* * *

Miss Buckhouse who was appointed to the position of librarian last June, is filling her new position most ac-

ceptably. She is the successor of Mrs. Mary Craig Wilcox, who held the position wtih credit for seven years.

* * *

One of the new students is C. P. Hargraves a former student at the Montana Wesleyan university at Helena. He represented the Wesleyan university in the last oratorical contest. This gives assurance that we will be well represented in the forensic field.

* * *

George Greenwood of Anaconda, former manager of this paper, is again a student of the university and he is welcomed by his large circle of friends. Already the students are proving their loyalty to him as he has been given several positions of trust among our different organizations.

* * *

Work on the new buildings is being pushed forward rapidly and they will soon be ready for use. The dormitory is a much needed institution and will be pressed into use as soon as possible. The roof has been placed on the new gymnasium and the building begins to assume defintie shape.

* * *

It has been stated upon good authority that a bachelors' club has been organized in our midst. It is supposed to be a secret but we have learned that Leslie Sheridan, Fred Frazer and Elmer Woodman are prominent members of the organization. This society had its origin at one of the meetings of the Hawthorne Literary society.

* * *

A series of readings of the thermograph are being recorded by Prof. Elrod. These readings are taken for the purpose of determining the effect of altitude upon temperature and vegetation. One of the instruments is placed on the top on University mountain and one at the college hall. The readings are recorded once each week.

* * *

Miss Kellogg spent her vacation at her home in Whitehall. She has returned accompanied by her mother and sister, Miss Daisy, who will spend the winter here. They have purchased a neat cottage on South Fifth street. Miss Daisy is pursuing a course of study in the university.

* * *

Miss Reiley returned from her home in Kentucky during the latter part of September and is now conducting her classes. She was called home on account of the serious illness and subsequent death of her mother. She has the sympathy of the entire school and her large circle of friends ni Missoula, during this time of her bereavement.

* * *

Students, students, never fear,
Although you may not know it,
We have a man within our midst,
Who will be our next class poet.

Listen:

"We have our year before us,
We have our race to run,
We have our morning light
We (never) have our setting sun."

* * *

On Monday, September 29, Miss Harriet Rankin entertained several of her friends at her pleasant home on Madison street. Hearts was the game of the evening, Miss Caroline Cronkrite being presented with the head prize. The party was given in honor of Miss Fannie Beckwith of Boston. Those who enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Rankin were: Misses Fannie Beckwith, Mirriam Hatheway, Caroline Cronkrite, Evelyn Polleys, Sadie Beckwith, Jannette Rankin, and Messrs. Will Craig, Bert d'Autremont, Hurbert Hughes, Ray Walters, and Wellington Rankin.

* * *

Prof. Hamilton departed Friday evning, October 9th, for Spokane to attend a conference of representatives from the leading educational institutions of the northwest, called for the purpose of organizing an association to regulate intercollegiate athletic contests. Late press dispatches announce that the meeting was held at which nine different colleges were represented. An organization was perfected to be known as the Northwest Intercollegiate Association. The constitution and rules and regulations provide for a governing body composed of one representative from each college belonging to the association. They also define "amateur" and "professional, and lay down the mothed of choosing eligibles to athletic contests.

OUR UNIVERSITY BRASS BAND.

At a recent chapel exercise President Craig delivered a brief address in which he stated that he hoped soon to hear the melodious tones of the university band. The president also stated that he trusted the boys would practice earnestly, so that during the end of the season, when the foot ball team would return with the crown of victory, the band would be prepared to welcome them. It seems as though the boys had taken the suggestion, for earnest practice has been carried on ever since. Of course all the melodious tones have not arrived yet, as evinced by the sounds which emanate from the practice room; but then they will come in time, and we sincerely believe that the university band will be enabled to furnish the best music in the city. The band numbers about eighteen members and they are practicing under the leadership of Prof. J. M. Hamilton, who feels fully assured that the boys will make an excellent showing in a few weeks.

FAIR NOTES.

Another Fair day has passed and gone. To the university student and school boy Fair day has a greater significence than to the ordinary person who has plenty of time to waste. Fair day means , we do not have any studying or reciting to do (except some of us poor souls who have work due that should have been done before and clutch at a holiday like the drowning man at a straw.) That sounds discouraging, coming from a university student, but human nature cannot be put down, for it will rise again like truth, and it is human nature to try and be and try and do with the least possible exertion, tho' there are a few choice spirits who seem to have a mania for work. Wecome here to study and learn and then try to get out of it as much as possible. But a holiday's a holiday for a' that.

Now, "gentle reader," did you clutch at the straw or go to the Fair? I went, and if it were not I am talking to you now you would know I had frozen to death. "Old Boreas," (as someone designated that uncomfortable wind),

had left his card, and an unpleasant crisp in the air told on summer packets. Moreover the sprinkling cart took upon itself to add to the general discomfiture and was very diligent in the performance of its duty. More than that, someone, who believed cleanliness is next to Godliness, had taken care to turn the hose on the floor of the exhibition shed, or to put it more mildly," they had freshened it up a bit." At any rate it presented a very damp, cold appearance. As a result of all this every one looked as if they had been violently imbibing, (from the show of noses), but tried to look as if they were interested..

Perhaps the picture and fruit displays were the best. Of course everyone will concede that our fruit cannot be surpassed—everyone except those uncharitable people who come from other fruit growing districts. Our apples are direct descendants of those of Hesperides, and by the way, it would take more than nymphs to guard some of our fruit yards around here. The fruit seems to have a regular propensity for dropping off the trees and rolling away.

Among the pictures were photographs, paintings, crayon and pen work, etc. One picture that attracted attention was a transparency, a moonlight scene, and a perfect thing of its kind. Among the paintings was a familiar scene from lake McIntoch, showing the point where Mts. Stanton and Brown slope down to the foot of the lake. This exhibition was honored in having on display pictures of some of our university students, (for tho' some have now gone into the world and begun their work therein, they are still one of us —we claim kinship by reason of our Alma Mater,) our being a picture of a quondam editor-in-chief of the Kaimin whose brilliant mental pate contributed to the success of the paper. Of course we can guess the pictures were excellent having such good subjects, and such good artists as our Missoulian photographers.

In the center of the room, on a table, were the flowers, but they wore a dejected air and hung their heads as if they had grown tired of being stared at. In a smaller room patch work quilts, cushions, embroidered pieces, etc., were exhibited. Among the embroidery was a center-table piece done in blackberries and their leaves. That is a fruit that is seldom copied, and the work was well done.

In the third room were garden and culinary products. The preserves, butter and some of the baking was very tempting, but there was bread there that had a very dispeptic appearance to say the least. But no doubt it was from being out late the night before, it had such a heavy look.

Out in the cattle shed there were horses, some Jersey and other cattle and three families of pigs.

The poultry display was small, but there had been an attempt to enlarge it by adding two collections of rabbits and one of guinea pigs.

The chief attraction in the afternoon was the racing and horse show. The horse show and granting of blue ribbons was something of a repetition of what it was last year tho' the exhibition was not so good. Every one was satisfied with the bestowing of blue favors, and the double and single team certainly deserved first place. However, at some fairs, there is a rule that bars prize winners one year from entering the lists the next.

There was very little enthusiasm over the horse racing Perhaps one of the reasons for this is that most of the trotting horses loped—but "variety is the spice of life, saith the philosopher.

Taken altogether the fair was not the success it was last year—speaking from the spectators point of view. So you see you did not miss so much by clutching at the straw —nothing but a holiday—and a holiday—you know the rest.

Exchanges

At 8 p. m., while Pa and Ma
Helped entertain with Sis,
Both John and May in distant seats,
Were far apart like this.

At 9 p. m., as Pa withdrew
And sought his room upstairs.
The lovers found some photographs
And nearer drew their chairs.

At 10 p. m., Mamma did leave,
And then, ye Gods! what bliss,
Those lovers sat till nearly one
Aboutascloseasthis.—Ex.

"What is a toot ball coach?"
"An ambulance, I guess."—Ex.

"O would I were a bird," she sang,
And each disgusted one
Thought to himself most wickedly:
"O would I were a gun."

There was a naughty Mr.,
So he hugged a girl and Kr.,
At which she took flight,
And so next night
This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—Ex.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."
But how much better if by spells,
Ithers could see us as we see oursel's.

"What ever troubles Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before.—Ex.

Don't drop insinuations. A bigger man may pick them up.—Ex.

A can of oil,
A smothered coal,
Another cook
Has reached her goal.—Ex.

Make it a rule never to guy a professor until you have achieved a grade of over 90 in his classes. By that time you will have lost the desire to guy him.—Ex.

Of course the college yell is the chief study of the curriculum, but it might be well toaddalittle Greek and Geology as side electives.—Ex.

Do not be particular about gonig to a famous college. Make the college you go to famous.—Ex.

She—"How much better it is to have a chap alone than a chaperone."—Ex

A lady in waiting.—An old maid.

Miscellaneous

RECEPTION TO NEW STUDENTS.

There could be no better evidence of good fellowship than that manifested on Friday evening, Oct. 10, at the University hall. Now as we look back upon the reception to the new students we feel assured that they were royally entertained, and the former students and members of the faculty find their reward in realizing this fact. The first reception of the year is always a brilliant and highly entertaining affair, and our last was no exception to the rule. From the time the guests entered the building until their departure the halls rang with merriment.

The reception was given for the purpose of giving the members of the school better opportunity for becoming better acquainted with one another. Upon each one present was pinned a little card bearing his or her name, this being used as a method of introduction. The reception committee remained in the Literary hall on the upper floor, and here is where the guests assembled to pay thir respects after entering the building. In the main assembly hall the orchestra was seated. This orchestra was composed of R. Blinn Owen, J. Allen McPhail, Frank Esmay, John Latimer, Lu Reinhard, and Leslie E. Wood. They rendered quite a large number of pieces in a most brilliant manner and the entertainment they afforded was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. On the lower floor the refreshments were served. Several of the young lady members of the school assisted in serving and they carried out their work in a most creditable manner.

To the general committee in charge as well as Misses Knowles and Corbin, and Prof. Elrod, much credit is due for the successful issue of the affair.

Those who enjoyed the hospitality of the former students and faculty were:

Earl Chronberg, Blanche Ingalls, Ethel Orvis, Almeda Andrews, Beatrice Wilds, Leonora Williams, Walter Beck, Hazel Wallace, John Urlin, Carrie Hardenburg, Raymond Lynch, Alma Myers, Mabel Harriss, Page Bunker, Mabel Wright, Arthur Williams, Chester McCall, Fantus Fergus, Frank Neil, Daisy Neil, Phyllis Gagnon, Mary Evans, Nellie Neil, Hugh Forbis, Norman Mix, John Flynn, Maude Trevaille, Nellie Whittaker, Agnes McBride, Anne Bielenberg, Montana Buzwell, Mary Shaughnessy, Florence Ervy, Willie Krauseh, Ada Cramer, Winnifred Feighner, Deboran Wagy, Mable Wagy, Clarence Cowell, Otis Lewis, Alban Lucy, Myra Branerd, Frank Williams, Delbert Grush, Josie Robb, Margaret Summers, Jessie Quist, Elmer Carter, Lawrence Turco, Ella Farley, Edna Mentrum, Bessie Stoddard, Lillian Draper, Ida Cunningham, John McDonald, Edith Tietjen, Ruth Lemley, Tom Morgan ,Edgar Polleys, Nettie Longley, Charles Farmer, Clarissa Spencer, David Trepp, Alice Wright, Maude Bryan, D. E. Crowley, Maude Goudy, Daisy Kellogg, Mary Fergus, Kathalyne Dinsmore, Lulu Dinsmore, Kent Riggin, Corliss Hargraves, Ollilea Abandrath, Mrs. Rich, Miss Faherty, Sophia Albert, Charles Ardery, Nellie Gamble, Ralpha Spurrier, Jessie Bishop, Percy Rennick, Miss Tower, William Graham, Mary Rankin, John Haywood, LeRoy Dick, Slerrett Naptan, Charles Dyson, Helen King.

CRITICISM.

Concerning personal criticism—especially the unfavorable criticism—that we all meet in our ordinary, every-day lives, there are sometimes differences of opinion. There are those who aver that the acceptability of criticism depends merely upon the person that gives it. According to this, those diverging widely in interests should not criticise one another; nor should an inferior judge his superior. This, however, we hold to be a mistake. A cat may with propriety criticise a king—criticize him with impunity too, provided both understand the canons of true criticism.

The manner in which criticism is given would seem again the matter of paramount importance to some. How, when, where and to whom the remarks are given mean more to these people than does any other factor. That these are vital points no one denies. But it would seem that both these questions of Who and How are answered in the one all-including "Why?

The teleogical import is, after all, the only true basis for waiving or accepting opinions voluntarily proffered by others. For if the reason for criticising seems to be one of helpfulness, it is a comparatively easy matter to overlook a tactless manner in which it may be given, or to pass by the fact that it may be given by outsiders rather than to the person most concerned. The criticism we generally receive is not from fanatics, but from people endowed with common sense. From such people fantastic or unwarranted criticisms do not spring, and reasonable criticism is always helpful. Whether the one giving it is disinterested or not should make no difference. That is a question of personalities; not of criticisms. As to just criticism, then, we should neither condemn, ignore nor take offense, but we should welcome it as a guide in destroying our worser qualities and so enabling us upon "stepping stones of our dead selves" to "rise to higher and nobler things."—Whitman College Pioneer.

The man who bets may be doing wrong, but the man who doesn't is no better.—Ex.

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THE KAIMIN

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Published Monthly during the University Year by the Students of the University of Montana.

Single copies 15 cents

Editor-in-Chief Mrs. Charles E. Avery, '03
Literary Editors. { Miss Lillian Jordan, '03 / Miss Nell Lewis, '06
Local Editor.....Miriam Hatheway, '03
Exchange Editor.....Leslie Sheridan, '03
Business Manager.....Gilbert Reinhard, '04

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Missoula, Montana.

MISSOULA, MONTANA, NOVEMBER, 1902.

Editorials

On behalf of the Kaimin we wish every student and member of the faculty a most pleasant Thanksgiving vacaton. We trust that each one will enjoy himself to the fullest extent, and return on Monday, December 1st much refreshed, and ready to resume his arduous labors for the next few weeks before the Christmas holiday.

The students are all looking forward with delight to the Thanksgiving vacation. Many students will go home to eat turkey with their folks, but the majority will remain in the city.

We call it "Thanksgiving Day," but to many it is any thing else. To some it is a day of coarse hilarity and dissipation. To others, it is merely a time for feasting and gluttony. To stll others it is the foot-ball day of the year. How rapidly the old anniversary has drifted from a day of worship to one of utter worldliness.

Many of our colleges observe early morning prayer meeting on Thanksgiving day. The custom, probably had its origin in the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1883.

No time is more appropriate for a sun-rise meeting than Thanksgiving morning, as the encroachment of foot-ball games and family dinners keep one from attending services later in the day.

We are pleased that so many of the Alumni are taking the Kaimin. Every one should have it and thus keep in touch with his Alma Mater.

We regret to learn that Miss Nell Lewis must sever her connections with the University, and as a result with the Editorial staff of the Kaimin. She leaves in December for St. Louis where she will spend the remainder of the school year.

On account of increased duties at the Standard office, where he is working, Mr. Elmer Woodman was forced to resign his positon as Business Manager of the Kaimin. It was with regret that the Board of Editors accepted his resignation, because he gave great promise of being most successful. We were fortunate, however, in securing the services of one who will, no doubt, fill the vacancy quite acceptably. Mr. Gilbert Reinhard has been chosen to fill the vacancy, and has taken hold of his duties with great energy, and under his management the business department of this paper is sure to be conducted properly.

According to the report of Col. A. L. Mills, Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, "hazing" has been abolished in that institution. That objectionable practice was the terror of every new student who entered that school, and was prohibited some thing over a year ago by the War Department. During the year there has been no relaxation of the effort to make permanent the reform already accomplished touching treatment of new cadets by their elder comrades. With one exception the cadets have shown a soldierly regard for the regulations governing the subject. For this offense the cadet was brought to trial by court martial, and, being found guilty, was dismissed. It is to be hoped that this pernicious practice has been abolished for good, and it appears that it has been.

The reception tendered the University and Business College students by the Missoula Inter-Denominational Young People's Alliance, Friday evening, October 24th, was thoroughly appreciated by the three hundred and fifty or more present. It was perfectly informal, and every one seemed to enjoy himself to the fullest extent. This was a new departure on the part of the Christian young people of the city. Heretofore the different local societies on their own behalf have given receptions or socials to which special invitations were extended to the students, but this was the first joint reception that has been given in the city. It is not at all likely, however, that it will be the last. The success of this attempt will encourage the officers of the Alliance, and in the future we may look forward to a repetition of the good times that we had on this occasion.

The various churches of the city are always open to the students to attend divine worship, but the cordial and hearty welcome, and the kind invitation to the students on behalf of the Ministerial Association and the Young People's Societies by the Rev. Salsman will remove every

doubt, if any there has been, from the mind that they are welcome in every church in the city.

It is worthy of remark what a large number of college presidents have been installed in office during the past month.

On October 16th, Dr. Frank Stroug formerly of the University of Orogon was inaugurated Chancellor of the University of Kansas, situated at Lawrence.

October 21st, witnessed the installation of a new president of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ills. Dr. Edmund J. James, formedly of the University of Chicago, was inducted in office. Dr. James is an Illinois man by birth, and is recognized as one of the learned men of America.

The next important college event was across the waters in Saint Andrews, Scotland, on October 22nd, when the former American Steel King, Hon. Andrew Carnegie, was installed as rector of St. Andrews University in the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage.

Princeton likewise boasts of a new president, Dr. Woodrow Wilson. The ceremony of installation was held on the morning of October 25th, at Princeton, New Jersey, before a great and enthusiastic company.

Each of the above events were notable on account of the large and imposing assemblage of students, alumni, faculties and distinguished visitors and educators.

WIN OR LOSE?

Why, win of course. Who would question it for a minute, or suggest to the contrary? Before the next issue of the Kaimin appears, the Thanksgiving game of football—the one we look forward to with so much interest annually—will have been played with the Bozeman Agricultural College, and become a matter of history.

We cannot afford to play a losing game this year. This is without doubt the most interesting foot-ball game of the season. On it hinges the championship of the state for the next year. We regret to state that we have failed to win this principal contest of the year for two years past, but too much is at stake to lose this time. Our College spirit is such that we can cheer our boys even though they go down to honorable defeat, yet happy will be the time for the U. of M., when she never has the losing team, for it is easier to make heroes of victors than of vanquished. We now hold the championship of the state in oratory, and it only remains for us to carry off the honors on this occasion when our Alma Mater will have reason to feel doubly proud of us.

We predict a glorious victory for our boys on Thanksgiving. The personnel of the team practically insures it. Get in and drill boys. Remove every shadow of doubt by earnest and persistent practice for the next faw days.

"They's two closses iv foot ball enthoosiasts: Wan iv thim sits in th' grandstand out iv the rain and tells how th' game ought to be played and explains why th' team don't make a better showin', th' other gets out on th' muddy gridiron and is willin' to take the coach's worrud for how the game ought to be. Now, which do you think shows th' most enthoosiasm?"—The Lantern.

Literary Department

HISTORY AND MEANING OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

"The melanchoiy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Such was Bryant's characterization of the present season of the year. November with leaden skies, heaps of dry leaves, and flurries of snow, is an impressive reminder that summer is over and gone. Suddenly one awakens from the dreamy, fascinating enchantment of October sun, skies, birds and forests to a cruel realization that picnics, excursions, fishing and camping are out of season and that a long, cold winter is in the immediate future. One day the leafy trees with mingled green, yellow and red; tnat night a gust of wind, and next day nothing but bare branches whipping and chafing in the raw wind. One afternoon the hazy blue of mountian side mottled with green of pine and tamarack yellow, shading insensibly into the ethereal blue of the sky dome; next morn a mountain blurred in a storm cloud with sky and hillsiue of one cold, steel gray mass. Today swarms of birds haunt the orchard with twitter and chatter; tomorrow's nelds are silent as the tomb. At such a time oue envies tne gopher, who betakes himself to his ground home, or the bear that sleeps away the winter months. Or one is jealous of the robin, or blue bird, or meadow lark and sighs .o fly away to some sunny south land there to revel mid the luxuries of a tropical paradise. But no; man, the crow and the coyote must remain on guard and hold the fort for humanity aud civilization.

Winter would be dreary, indeed, were it not for the season's sports, and holidays. No sooner do we speed the parting guest than we welcome the coming visitor. When the outside recreations are over, the indoor festivities begin. Birds and flowers are replaced by snow balls and ice ponds. Fruit and melon give way to mince pies and hard cider. The lawn party steps aside for the fireside gathering. Whittier in his Snow Bound has given a delightful picture of winter home life:

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door.
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons straddling feet,
The mug cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from Brown October's wood."

First in time of these joyous winter festivities and second only to Christmas in interest, is Thanksgiving day. A thoroughly American anniversary, it shares with Memorial day and the Fourth of July in Patriotic sentiment. As December has its Merry Christmas, January its Happy New Year, and February its patriotic Washington's Birthday, so Novemoer greets us on the threshold of winter with the hearty good cheer of Thanksgiving Day and

dedicates the season with prayer and religious service.

While Thanksgiving as annually observed in our country is peculiarly an American institution, occasional days of Thanksgiving are observed in all Christian nations in recognition of same pestilence having been removed or dire calamity averted. The Hebrew people annually celebrate with praise and rejoicing the feast of the tabernacle. This was instituted by Jehovah himself, as recorded in Deutronomy: "Thou shalt observe the feast of the tabernacle seven days after thou hast gathered in thy corn; and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou and thy son and thy daughter, thy man servant and thy maid servant and the Levite, the stranger within thy gates, the faherless and the widow." The Greeks held a similar festival in honor of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest. It lasted nine days and the sacrifices were products of the soil, with oblations of wine, honey and milk. The Romans held a harvest festival called Cerealia. Processions of people went to the fields with music and mingled rustic sports with religious ceremonies. The English harvest home was a joyous occasion at the time of gathering the crops Dancing on the village green and sports consumed the day and bon fires illuminated the nights.

To the Pilgrim Fathers belongs the honor of instituting the American Thanksgiving day. During their first winter on the "stern and rock bound coast," nearly half of all who came over in the May Flower died, including Gov. Carver. Often the well were too few to care for the sick, and the living were unable to bury the dead. Longfellow in his Courtship of Miles Standish makes his hero say of his wife, Roe Standish:

"Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian Scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished."

Health and hope returned with the birds and flowers in the spring and God and nature blessed them with a bountiful harvest, Nov. 9, 1621, the ship Fortune arrived bringing supplies and thirty-five additional colonists. They had raised twenty acres of corn and six of barley and peas. Water fowl, wild turkeys and deer, were plentiful. In recognition of these blessings, Governor Bradford announced a day of Thanksgiving for Dec. Thirteenth. Four hunters were dispatched to secure a supply of meat. They returned with sufficient for a week's feast. Massasoit and ninty of his braves attended by invitation. They donated five deer. Religious services, rural sports and shooting contests were held. Ever after the Plymouth colony observed an annual Thanksgiving festival. Gradually the custom was adopted by all the other New England colonies and thence it extended to the middle and southern settlements.

The first National Thanksgiving Day was held at the recommendation of the Continental Congress, Dec. 18, 1777, because of the surrender of Burgoyne's army. These annual observances were continued until 1784. By request of congress, Pres. Washington proclaimed a Thanksgiving Day for Nov. 26, 1789. Again another was held Feb. 19, 1791. The next celebration of such a day was after the treaty of peace closing the war of 1812, had been ratified, viz: April 13, 1815. Nothing more is known of a National Thanksgiving Day until the one called by Pres. Lincoln, August 6, 1863, to give praise for the victory of Gettysburg. In the same year Abraham Lincoln instituted the custom of an annual Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday in November and from that time until the present not a year has gone by without the Presidents' Proclamation. At present Thanksgiving Day is a National Holiday. Schools are closed and all work laid aside. It is a day of worship and religious services are held in every village and hamlet the country over. It is also a day of recreation. Physical sports, shooting contests and especially football games are common. Often it is ushered in with dancing.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the recent Thanksgiving Day festivity is the feast. Early in the autumn the thrifty house wife lays away some of the finest fruit and vegetables of the year's crop. A stalwart turkey is penned by himself and fed corn meal. Later a barrel of cider is set aside, the mince meat is prepared and the fruit cake is baked. The day before the occasion there is bustle and hurry. The great yellow pumpkins are brought out, the turkey is slaughtered, the plum pudding is cooked. In the mean time, the grand parents, uncles, aunts, cousins and grandchildren have been invited. So amidst the arriving of visitors, the greetings of relatives, the merry chatter of children, the steaming of puddings, the odor of sweet potatoes and turkey, the American Thanksgiving Day feast is held.

Perhaps the most optimistic view of this season of the year is contained in James Whitcomb Riley's poem "When the frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodders in the Shock:"

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodders in the shock,
And you hear the kyouch and the gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
There's something kind o' hearty like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here,
The straw stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead.
O, it sets my heart a clickin 'like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodders in the shock."

So remembering the old Hebrew command about the fatherless, the widows and the stranger within the gate, let each and every one enter heartily into the games, the feasts, and above all the thanks to Almighty God for the great blessing vouchsafed during the past year to the American people, "for He has not dealt so with any people."

M. J. H.

A TIE AND A VICTORY.

The Rev. Lowe sat before the kitchen fire, rubbing his hands together in deep contemplation. He was a hardy old man and his sixty years sat lightly upon his shoulders. At the present moment he seemed greatly troubled over something, heaving perplexed sighs every few minutes and glancing uneasily at the clock.

"It is surely time for Maria to be back. I cannot imagine what is keeping her. If—I wonder—hm! This is

no light matter, and yet I hardly dared discuss it with anyone," and again he glanced at the ancient time-piece, so peacefully counting off the minutes above his head. There was a brisk foot fall without, a woman opened the door, and after carefully shaking off the flakes of snow which clung to her skirt, entered the room. She was no less a personage than the minister's sister, who had since the death of his wife some eighteen years beore, ruled supreme in the quiet parsonage and cared for him and his son.

"Well, Maria?"

"Right blustery, William! The fire feels mighty nice. Hm-m! Something's burning. The tea-kettle's dry! I declare, William, you are the most absent minded person I ever laid eyes on. The world might come to an end and still you would sit calmly on, with never a thought as to what was happeneng under your very nose!"

"I am very sorry if the kettle is injured. I have been thinking, Maria, that—that—I believe you said you would like to accept that invitation to spend Thanksgiving with cousin Emma, didn't you?"

"Now William, what are you thinking about? It isn't safe to leave you alone for you always get such absurd notions into your head. Out with it! What are you planning on now?"

The minster took up an open letter which lay on the table, and deliberately spread it out on his knees. "I got a letter from the boy this afternoon and he sends me a round-trip ticket to Jefferson City to spend Thanksgiving with him."

"Jefferson City? William's college is at Jefferson City, but what in the world does he want with you there?"

"I really do not know my dear, but this is what he says: 'I will be in Jefferson City on Thanksgiving, and since it is an utter impossibility for me to come home, I want you to come to me, my dear pater. It will be a very deep disappointment to me if you don't come, so please take pity on your lonely little boy and come down and help him eat turkey.

Hopefully,
WILLIAM LOWE, JR.'"

"And I suppose you will go?"

"Well, I have considered the matter and half decided—of course I waited to see what you would say before making any definite plans."

"I see. I suppose there isn't much left for me to do but poke myself off on cousin Emma, 'though goodness knows she has enough to care for with seven children, without invitin' in her relatives. Besides she asked you as much as she did me, so I can't see as you had better leave. But of course if you are set on the trip, I suppose I can go without you."

"I assure you, my dear, that cousin Emma will not object in the least, since she has often urged me to visit the boy, although it has never been possible until now. And so you consent?"

Miss Lowe bustled about from table to pantry and back from pantry to stove, with an unmoved countenance. "You will need the lining mended in your heavy coat, and your gloves sewed up, for you must not give William's friends any occasion to ridicule you. Who's this coming in?"

In response to a resounding knock, Mr. Lowe opened the door and grasped the visitor by the hand. "How are you, Deacon? Snowy this afternoon, isn't it?

"I just dropped in Brother Lowe, to see about that Thanksgiving service. Has anything been done as yet or are we to have a union meetin'?"

Rev. Lowe gasped, and glanced up at his sister, who was gazing at him with a triumphant smile which seemed to say: "Now what are you going to do." He picked up the letter a second time and folded it up nervously, crossed and uncrossed his knee, unfolded the paper and turned to his vistor. "I don't know Brother Sears, just how matters stand, but I understand we were to have union services. You see—well, I may possibly be away on Thanksgiving, and—"

"What! you going away?" And the good deacon stared in amazement, and well he might, for the old minister had hardly been out of the town for ten years.

"Well, it is not decided yet——"

Miss Lowe broke in: "William, it makes me nervous to listen to you! Of course its decided. Its just this way, Brother Sears; he received a letter from his boy, whose college is down in Jefferson City, and William Junior, sent him a ticket to come down there and spend Thanksgiving so 'twould be advisable for you to see about unitin'" and having finished the worthy spinster firmly closed her lips, as if resolved never to utter another syllable.

Deacon Sears looked expectantly at the minister to see what he had to say on the matter. "So you're goin' are you? Well, I dunno Brother Lowe, but what it will be for the best. I have heard that in these college towns Thanksgivin' day is devoted to sports, bein' specially desecrated by that heathen game of football. Of course William has not fallen into these evil ways, but he might be tempted to go and look on, which would harm him just as much, and of course if you was there to look after him, he would be prevented from doin' any wrong. Well, I must be moving on. We'll fix up for service all right, so you go on Brother Lowe and look after your boy. You haven't seen him for quite a spell have you?"

'N'ot since a year last September. So you don't think I'll be doing any wrong if I leave you this once?"

The deacon's hearty laugh floated back on the snow-laden air. "Don't you worry parson. Some of us sinners 'ud like to see the day when you'd do any wrong." The minister shook his head, but there was a pleased smile on his face as he turned and entered the house.

* * * * * *

It was with some misgivings that Rev. Lowe bade his sister farewell and boarded the train two days before Thanksgiving. Many years had gone by since he had visited the once familiar city where his son was now in school, and where he himself had attended college before entering the theological seminary, and he looked forward to his return ,yet dreaded to recall memories so long undisturbed. His boy had not been home for more than a year, as a trip east during the summer vacation had offered more attractions than the prospects of three months spent in the quiet little town where his father lived.

The first day and night on the train passed with no particular occurrence, yet the old man's excitement waxed greater. It was a pleasurable sensation to cast off all thought of cares, and look forward to something out of the ordinary and aside from the regular and wearisome

routine of work which he had gone through so uncomplainingly in the years past. But early in the morning of the second day his attention was diverted from the volume entitled "Old Testament Ethics," which he had brought with him to employ his leisure moments—and that book dropped in amazement from his hands as the train drew up at a station filled with a wild and excited throng. The good old man thrust his head out the window and gasped in consternation, wondering vaguely if the train had been held up. A motley crowd waving banners and ribbons flocked to the car steps, and some two dozen husky young savages—for such they appeared in the eyes of the unsophisticated minister—streamed into the car where he sat. From without came a hoarse medley of cheers, which seemed to strike a chord, long silent, in the heart of the minister; almost forty years had passed since he had heard a college yell, and his eyes grew dim suddenly as the old memories came rushing back. The train began to move and it seemed as though pandemonium had turned loose; cheer from without was answered by the men within, and almost tearful entreaties of, "Beat 'em!" "Don't let them get away with you! Hold them down!" followed the train as it pulled out of the station.

The treatise on Ethics was forgotten and lay undisturbed, under the seat, for Mr. Lowe had found something more interesting.These care-free youths were an entirely new study for him and he watched them eagrly as thy kept up their incessant stream of football jargon, which was as Sanscrit to the minister. Not very many hours had passed before one of the number was seated opposite the old man, listening eagerly to tales of his college days.

"And you are going to Jefferson City today?" broke in the youth suddenly.

"That is my destination. My son is in college there."

"Then I suppose you will be at the game we play there tomorrow. By the way, what is your name? I may know your son. Is he on the eleven?"

"I don't quite understand—what eleven do you mean?"

"Oh! The foot-ball team. Does he play?"

The old man drew himself up. "My son does not play foot-ball. And my name is Lowe."

"Lowe! Your son is not William Lowe, then?"

"That is his name. Do you know my boy?" and the gentleman began to thaw again.

"Know him! I know William Lowe, the renowned foot-ball man, but he is evidently not your son. There may be two of the same name, but—are you sure your son doesn't play foot-ball?" and the youth looked at him questioningly.

"My son has never said he did or did not play, but I know that a boy of mine would not do anything of which his father did not approve."

"That may be, but if you only knew it, there's a striking resemblance between you and Billy Lowe, the full-back of the Jefferson eleven. Of course, though, I don't suppose your Willy ever saw a game. By the way did you ever see one, or what are the grounds of your disapproval?"

The Rev. Lowe felt that he was being ridiculed, and resented that it should be by a gentleman who looked barely twenty years of age. "Foot-ball was not played when I was in college, and consequently I have never seen a game, nor do I care to witness such a brutal contest as I know them to be. What pleasure can there be in cheering men on to mutilate each other and make brutes of themselves? I cannot see how such a thing is tolerated by our schools in this advanced age."

The boy in the seat opposite sighed and winked at a companion across the aisle.

"Are you a minister?"

"I am, and as such it is my duty to fight against such things."

"But how can you judge a thing when you know nothing whatever about it, except what you have heard from prejudiced persons who are doubtless as ignorant of the game as yourself?"

The minister began to hunt under the seat for his book, and the youth deemed it wise to change his tactics. But it was in vain that he endeavored to convince the old man that the game was anything but a brutal fight which should not be endured in a Christian land. The day passed on, and Rev. Lowe found his book unusually dry and the rattle-brained youths extremely interesting. Try as he might to convince himself that he should have nothing to do with them, yet before one o'clock he found himself in their midst with tears rolling down his cheeks and sides aching with laughter at the accounts of college pranks. The time flew by unnoticed, and he fairly sprang out of his seat whe none of the youths called out: "Twenty more miles to Jefferson City!" With trembling fingers the old man gathered up his baggage, threw himself into his overcoat and nervously donned his hat. The car window was thrown up and unheeding the warning cry of the boys he thrust out his head in an effort to gain a view of the city which he imagined to be already in sight. The warning came too late to save however, for in an instant a clerical hat was cutting undignified capers in the air as the wind swept it up into the tree-tops.

The poor man groaned. "What in the world shall I do! My best hat—and gone! What will Maria say, and what will William say when I am obliged to come out bareheaded, and in this snow?" The expression of grief on the minister's face was so genuine that the boys repressed their first inclination to laugh, and their coach came to his assistance.

"Mighty sorry for you brother, and if you will accept the loan of a cap you are welcome to it."

"But what will you do?' 'asked the bereaved gentleman viewing askance the sporty cap on the coach's sandy mat.

"Oh, I don't mean this one. I have an extra one—the thing I wear on the field," and the wicked coach drew from his suit case a dazzling creation of green and yellow, with "Coach" in bold letters across the front. The poor minister gasped; the first was as mourning to this wonder.

"But I could never wear that," he exclaimed, putting the frivolous thing on his snowy head. The boys seemed strangely moved at the spectacle, and several discovering that the atmosphere of the car was exceedingly oppressive, sought the rear of the train. The poor old gentleman was in despair. "I cannot wear such an article, it—but I thank you for the offer," and he tendered back the article not seeing the evil gleam in the coach's eye.

"But you will have to wear something on your head, that last named worthy insisted. "You will take your death to go out in this cold unprotected, so keep it handy,"

and the wily coach likewise sought refuge on the rear platform.

"Cheer up parson," came from a red-headed youth across the aisle. "The people will just think you are one the profs come along to root for the game, and as they don't know you it won't make any difference. It's right becoming anyhow, although it's not exactly the conventional thing for a minister."

The train was rapidly approaching its destination, and the lights of the city began to twinkle brightly in the growing dusk. Mr. Lowe gathered up his few possessions and sat bareheaded and trembling as the train drew up in the brilliantly lighted station. The scene was a repetition of that which had been enacted when the visiting team had boarded the train earlier in the day; throngs of students crowded to the train doors, their college yells drowning every other sound. The minister, carried along by the crowd within, felt the coach's hand on his arm.

"You had better put on that cap," he heard in his ear, and this he realized as the raw wind from the open doorway swept through the car, chilling him to the bones. He drew his overcoat more closely about him and with an inward prayer—put on the cap. Out on the platform a small boy confronted him staring. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "I thought Max Whiting and not his granddaddy was coach of this team."

"I——" began the minister, but his voice was lost in the roar which arose as team greeted team in true college fashion.

"Hey there, Mr. Lowe, have you found your Willy yet?" came from his first ecquaintance of the day. At the question there was a commotion and a hardy boy pushed his way through the crowd of students, who stood back in admiring respect. Rev. Lowe glanced up to see the young giant bearing down upon him and forgetting his unfortunate head-dress, clasped his son in his arms.

"But father!" came from somewhere above his head, "what in the dickens does this mean! You turned sport at your time of life! And my father wearing the enemy's colors!" And the boy bust into peals of laughter as his parent hurriedly explained, for the old patriarch, with flowing white hair and beard was strangely out of harmony with his blazing head covering.

"Can't you get me away and let me buy a hat?" at the entreaty William Jr., seized his father and hurried him into a waiting cab. "You fellows will please excuse me," he called, and shouted the number to the cabman. "Well father, how is home and Aunt Maria and all the good brothers and sisters?"

The old man did not seem to hear the question.

"William," he said slowly, gazing earnestly at his son, "do you play foot-ball?"

"Why of course, father!" There was no guilty shame in the boy's voice, only a note of surprise at the question. "I am full-back on the Jefferson eleven."

* * * * * *

Thanksgiving day was all that the contesting teams could have desired—crisp and cool, and clear, an ideal day for a game. Rev. Lowe gazed about him as he lay in bed, and dreamed that he was till a college boy. William Jr., lay, still peacefully sleeping, and he looked at the boy admiringly. At all events foot-ball had not yet made a brute of him, nor had it seemed to injure him physically, except for a few scratches and bruises; the minister had yet to learn, however, that his son had, at different times, been the proud possessor of a broken arm, a sprained shoulder and two fractured ribs, besides various and sundry other slight injuries. The youth stirred, rubbed his eyes drowisly, and sat up.

"A glorious day pater! And with you there to cheer us on there can be no doubt but that we will win."

"William, I wish you had not begun this bad business. I did not forbid your playing, as I hoped you had good judgment sufficient to direct you, but you knew it has never been in accordance with my wishes."

"Father," and there was a mischievous twinkle in the younger William's eyes, "may I ask one thing of you? You come to our game this afternoon, and if you do not think, when it is over that it is a game worth playing, I will promise never to go on the gridiron again.

Rev. Lowe gazed at his son, dumb-founded. He had forgotten that William would graduate in the spring and would doubtless never again have occasion to don a suit.

"But really, my boy, I don't see how I can go to that game, as it would be going against every scruple and principle I have. Suppose Maria——" here the boy's laugh interrupted.

"For pity sake father, let Aunt Maria alone; she is hundreds of miles away, and will never hear of it unless you tell her. So now get up and go to church to relieve that conscience of yours, and come back, prepared to root with the best of them."

"You are sure you will never tell it, William. I hate to do it, my son, but for the sake of saving your neck, I—I—will go.But I shall not be moved. You are altogether too confident. Will you come to church with me?"

"Against orders to leave the grounds, so you will have to go without me."

* * * * * *

Services and a frugal lunch were over, and Rev. Lowe, filled with conflicting emotions, sat upon the grandstand, facing the foot-ball gridiron. There would rise up in spite of his efforts to convince himself that he was the blackest of all sinners—a feeling of expectant pleasure which he could not repulse. The game had been explained and illustrated to him before lunch and he felt himself trembling with excitement as the teams came on the field A white haired little gentleman, bearing a ribbon-bedecked cane, sat down beside him and craned his neck to get a view around a big hat in front, then turned to the minister.

"Which side you for? You're a stranger here, I believe. Aha! Here comes our team. There's young Lowe, the full-back! See him? That big fellow who looks like he could go through a line all by himself."

"He is my son," said Mr. Lowe with a thrlil of unspeakable pride in his heart.

"What! You, Billy Lowe's father! And you—old Billy! I would never have known you! Never!"

"Know me? Pardon he, but I can't recall either your face or name."

"To think that the day should come, Billy, when we didn't know each other! you old idiot, I'm—"

"Don't tell me! Jimmy Baxter! It's not you!! Jimmy, old and white headed!" And the minister went off into peals of laughter, as he and the new comer fell into each others' arms, forgetful of their surroundings.

"I suppose we should weep down each other's necks awhile," said Jimmy, "but I really can't take time. There's the whistle!" A brown ball soared high in the air, was seized by an eager man ,and the game was begun.

William Jr., could not have wished for anything better than that his father should fall in with the Rev. Baxter, a staunch supporter of the game. During lulls in the playing the two old school mates reviewed their college days, and while the game was in progress Mr. Baxter waxed so eloquent on its merits and the good plays made, that at last Rev. Lowe caught the spirit, and found himself groaning with disappointment when the Jefferson team lost the ball.

The contest grew hotter and fiercer. Everyone realized that no such game had been played for seasons past. A touchdown had not yet been made by either side and the two teams struggled in the middle of the field, hardly gaining a yard. But this could not last very long. Jefferson again gained the ball and a more desperate struggle began. Foot by foot they gained, until at last by a twenty-yard run wholly unexpected, and unguarded against, the home team came to a position but a few yards from the goal. Cheer succeeded cheer, the audience went wild, and had anyone been looking, he might have seen the Rev. Lowe—bitter enemy of foot-ball—dancing in his seat, and wildly waving his new hat in the air, disregardless of his rheumatism and every ill that might result from this behavior. But no one was looking; all eyes were fastened upon a figure prostrate upon the field. The hero was "laid out"—and Billy Lowe doubtless had another broken rib or arm. A murmur of anxiety rose up from the crowd and the old minister, starting from his seat, was pulled down by Mr. Baxter, just as the fallen man pulled himself together and rose up, declaring himself ready for battle once more. His wrist was sprained, nothing more he said, and since he had gotten his wind again he was as good as new.

The Rev. Baxter joined lustily in the cheer which rang out as the full-back took up his position once more. "You ought to be proud of him, Billy!" he exclaimed, turning on his companion with eyes shining. "He has grit enough for a whole team—not to say that this is anything, as I have seen him play under worse conditions."

The first half was over, with a record of six to nothing in favor of Jefferson. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. Rev. Lowe forgetful that he was a minister, forgot his sister Maria, forgot his fixed convictions—remembered he had colors in his pocket which he had hitherto been afraid to wear, remembered that his son had again helped bring glory to his own old Alma Matre, and realized at last that foot-ball was something which he had too long missed. Again the teams were lined up, an dthe struggle renewed. The blood of every man was up, and they played as if for life and death. There was a merry twinkle in "Jimmy" Baxter's eye, as he stole a side glance at his once dignified companion, as he shouted out encouragement to the players as forcibly as he had hurled maledictions at them from his pulpit but a few months before. He fairly shouted for joy when a successful drop-kick was made and five more points gained for the home team. But the luck changed, the Jefferson men lost the ball and a good player, as the half-back was borne away with a sprained ankle. The opposite force made a touchdown and kicked goal successfully, and within a short time had the ball near the line once more, despite the desperate efforts of their combatants. A groan rose from the spectators as the ball was placed for the final kick—a groan which grew into a cheer as the ball missed the goal by some two feet.

The time was up—the game a tie. Much had been accomplished within a very limited space; this Rev. Lowe realized as some ten minutes later he managed to get within speaking distance of his son.

"William!" he shouted. "You have my permission. I would not stop you for the world."

And it was not until his father was well satisfied with a hearty dinner that the youth told him that it was for his special conversion that he had been summoned to Jefferson City.

"But father, what will Aunt Maria say?" he asked wickedly.

The old minister looked up with an appreciative gleam in his blue eyes, then took a deep draught of coffee.

—Nell Lewis.

A WISH BONE:..THEREON HANGS A TALE.

"It is not fair to catch the wish-bone so far up. You must take it right at the end between your finger and thumb—so," and she suited the action to the word. Snap! and they stood staring at each other with surprised, laughing eyes, for the dried bone had broken evenly on both sides, while the lucky top flew upward. The time was on a Thanksgiving day long ago; the scene an old garden—for he had told her it would be luckier to break the wish-bone there, and she, pretending innocence at his reason, fell in with his suggestion. Tho' late in November the ground was bare of snow and earth wore the aspect ot a glorious Autumn just past. There was a blue sky overhead, with the ground below thickly covered with fallen leaves, some large, yellow ones balancing themselves lightly on the edge of a rustic, high backed bench. The vines were still crimson, the trees bare except some that still wore on the topmost branch a few large leaves that fluttered like a banner from some high citadel. On a few dry, slender bushes the black, shriveled berries still hung.

They were both young—he glowing with ruddy life, with blond head, and gray eyes, in which were specks of brown that seemed to darken his whole eyes when he was moved.

She had a color that vied with the crimson of Autumn, her hair glistened with the yellow of its leaves, and her eyes were black and shining as yon berries in their prime.

"I think that is a shame after all the trouble I had getting that wish bone clean," she remarked, as she disconsolately eyed the piece of bone she held in her hand. "That was a very important wish I made, too."

"Verily, I say unto you, you had your reward in the pleasure the getting it clean entailed. That turkey was a turkey,' 'he ended reminiscently.

"Oh, dear!" impatiently, "I am beginning to believe the old adage that a man's heart is——"

"Yes," he interrupted suavely, "I am beginning to believe that too. But you can locate a man's heart almost any place. Come lets sit on this bench. There is nothing I like better than sitting on a bench in an arbor

on Thanksgiving Day."

"You told me yesterday," with emphasis, "there was nothing you liked better than sitting in a warm kitchen in a broken down rocking chair. And you haven't even the grace to blush."

"Yes, I know, but it depends on circumstances you see. As I was going to say when you interrupted me," blandly waving his hand to stop an indignant disclaimer, "it depends on the man. Now, just at this moment my heart——"

"Yes, I know, but there is Alice looking for us," as a face appeared at the window. "She will be scolding me for being out here in the cold."

"You are not usually so attentive to Alice's wishes," he remarked, staying her. "I suppose you are going to the ball with me tonight?"

"You have not asked me yet," she flashed, "and I am not sure I would accept."

"Miss Rugh, may I have the pleasure of your company tonight?"

"Oh, it is so sudden, Mr. Patterson, I will have to have time to think of it," and she escaped into the house while he followed muttering, "Torment."

As he entered, the door slammed to behind him, and some light object fell to the floor.

"Lucky man!" cried Stella, as he picked up a piece of wish bone bearing the magic top.

"But do not accuse me of the deed, for it is Alice's," and Rob looked up into Alice's crimson face and quickly turned the conversation.

II.

The Rugh family consisted of four members: Alice, who had now for two years mothered the rest of them; Stella, who was the pride of the family, whose beauty and gay spirits had alays drawn so many admirers to her feet, who danced like a fairy and sang like a bird, but whose coquetry, alas! had been the burden and admiration of Alice's life; Tom, the brother, and man of the family; and last but not least, Sister, the golden haired baby of the family.

What with Alice, the motherly, Stella, the charming, golden haired and dimpling Sister, and Tom of the hospitable heart and student mind, the home was a place of refuge to all their acquaintances, and many a gay evening was spent within its walls.

But if you had asked Dick Sturban, who in his gay way had wooed Stella, and whom she had in her gay way flouted, he would have added another member to the Rugh family, no other than Robbie Patterson, and perhaps, would then say: "At least it isn't Robbie's fault he is not a member, he wants to be awfully bad. But he may be some day—a brother, you know—that's what we all are," and then he would toss back the dark locks that were always falling about his bright, quick eyes.

In deed Rob Patterson seemed like one of the family, for he and Tom and Alice had grown up together, and graduated from the same school. Tom and he were inseparable chums, and into Alice's sympathetic ear he had poured the story of his hopes and ambitions, realized and disappointed, his likes, dislikes, and loves, and business secrets. He lived alone with a maiden aunt who was of a somewhat crabbed disposition, and as he had one of those natures that must have sympathy, it was natural he should turn to Alice.

Stella had been spending her school months away at the Montana State University from which her brother and sister had graduated, and so she had been with the family very little, but was now home to stay.

Ever since her return Rob had been her knight errant—tho' not perhaps as assiduous in his devotion as the others—and she had been kind to him, perhaps because she liked to number among her followers one considered so desirable as Rob Patterson—having good looks, a good position in society, and a genial disposition that won him many friends. Another reason was that he was such a friend of Tom and Alice. And lastly, (at least it may be put last in charity to Stella), coquetry was not lacking in her kindness to him, for somehow she could never quite reduce him to the tragic state of despair to which she had brought others.

Of late her attitude toward him had chauged, and on that Thanksgiving day she was as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. That evening the Rughs, including Rob Patterson of course, attended the ball in a party.

Stella was bewitching in a clinging, yellow silk gown, with a yellow rose in her shining hair, and her eyes were glorious.

The scene was a gay one, full of color and light, with "lamps above and laughs below," and Stella was the central star of the constellation.

It was during a waltz ,"when the viols play their best," that Rob Patterson found himself standing beside Alice's chair, watching the throng.

"Will you explain Stella to me?' 'he asked. "She has never treated me so before. She would not accept my company tonight, and now her card is full."

"How did you ask her?" asked Alice quietly.

"Well, Oh—why, I said—well I guess I said 'I suppose you are going to the ball with me this evening?' "

"Then it is no wonder she did not accept," said Alice, laughing.

He blushed. "She might have saved one dance for me."

"No, you could hardly expect her to do that. Does she not look beautiful tonight?"

"Ah!" Alice did not rightly interpret this exclamation, tho she saw what his eyes saw; her sister leaning on a young man's arm, that was all. Or perhaps the thought came that soon she would have one of her sympathetic interviews with the young man. But what Rob saw explained Stella's behaviour. He saw that the man was tall and finely formed, with something in his dark face indicative of will and strength. But he also saw that the proud had fallen, as Stella raised her shining head and Love hung out his banner in her cheeks. Rob had never seen her so beautiful, and as they floated by in the waltz many admiring eyes followed them and prophecies were thick upon the air.

That was a momentous night to Stella, and it was not long after that a new friend was introduced into the Rugh household, and following upon that Stella received a curtain lecture.

Alice could not help but admire her sister's arts and graces, but dreaded the results, and sympathized heartily with her sister's victims. Perhaps it was more due to

Alice that Stella retained her cast off admirers as friends, for Alice, the surgeon of the family, always ministered to their wants—soothed their wounds with the salve of sympathy, and bound them with bandages of judicious flattery.

"Dell, dear," said Alice, as the sisters rocked to and fro before the open fire one evening when they were alone, "am I going to have to treat Mr. Deronzelle very soon?"

With one shapely, slippered foot Stella caught the fender and held her rocking chair back out of the flickering fire light, but said nothing.

"Stella, you know what I have always said to you about your flirtations. You know I do not approve of your actions. You have been treating Bob shamefully," and out of the gloom she caught a smile on her sister's face that made her indignant, but quickly Stella had slipped down on a stool at her sister's feet, and in the warm light laid her head in her sister's lap.

"Please don't scold, Allie, you know I can't help it—I mean sometimes. What can I do when it just flirts of itself?"

Alice smoothed the soft, bronze hair that the fire-light brought out in flashes of gold.

"Do you try not to Stella?"

"I can't say I try not to," she was thinking of Rob, "I just am myself, that is all. You don't want me to close my mouth tight and be crabbed like Rob's aunt Sarah, do you?"

"No, dear, but for your own good, I warn you not to let 'it' flirt with Chester Deronzelle. He is not the man to take it."

"Allie, dear, it is natural for the flowers to bloom in the spring, tra-la, and for the birds to sing, and for me—to sing," she finished as she sprang up lightly and flitted to the piano, and someway in the gloom her fingers found the chords and her voice the words:

"White rose of Truth tell me what he so longs to know,
White rose of Truth tell me, will my answer be yes or no?"

and her voice carried the glide of the chorus as lightly as a bird's: "Yes or no, Yes or no?"

III.

It was in the depth of the winter season, that one evening a number of friends were gathered together under the capacious roof of the Rugh home. Outside the wind swirled the snow against the windows but within all was mirth and jollity. The side board glistened with well kept silver and glass, and in one large dish were jolly red-cheeked apples. Dick Sturban had taken upon himself the task of holding over the glowing coals a generous popper which sent out significant sounds as the white flakes sprang up like giants from dragon's teeth, and the comfortable smell filled the room.

There was a heated debate taking place between Rob, Tom and Deronzelle, to which an occasional chorus of approval or rejection was supplied by the other voices from the groups of twos and threes whenever their own conversation lagged long enough for them to catch the drift of the argument.

Stella had evidently not taken her sister's advice to heart for she and Ben Roylsten were sitting in a corner by themselves apparently much interested in an old album.

Leading from the large room in which the guests were assembled was a smaller room, the same in which the two sisters had talked. A corner of this room formed a deep, cosy recess curtained off from the rest of the world. Dick Sturban had named it the "chamber of torture," and was wont to make a wry face when it was mentioned. Into this cosy retreat Dell and Roylsten were stealing, but they did not escape Dick's quick eye. With the popper in one hand, he seizes Roylsten with the other and whispers tragically: "I conjure you not to be beguiled into that dreadful corner, for all who come out of there leave hope behind."

Rolysten moves away impatiently, while Stella turns half frowning and half laughing upon Dick, and then the two disappear behind the curtains. This by-play had not escaped the eyes of the others, especially had it not escaped Deronzelle, but he showed no sign. Dick shook his head, and finished popping the corn as if he were conducting the funeral services of his dearest friend.

"What is the matter, Dick?" asked Rob laughing.

"Oh, nothing. I was just meditating how 'weary, flat, stale and unprofitable' this world is anyhow. Take some corn, you look like Aunt Sarah had been hiding the jam tarts on you," and in contradiction to his pretended melancholy flashed one of his smiles at his friends.

When they were all chatting amicably Stella joined the group, and presently Dick observed Roylsten emerge, trying to appear indifferent, but looking like a little boy caught stealing jam. Dick immediately rushed to him with a dish of corn.

"Never mind, old fel," feelingly, "you are one of us now. We all sympathize with you because we have been there also. We are a grand brotherhood."

Roylsten swallowed his wrath, and Stella gave Dick an indignant look, but he was a privileged character and impervious to such a small think as looks. Rob and Alice chatted with zest to cover Ben's confusion, and no one but the three noticed what had happened. Nothing escaped Alice's eye, for she was anxiously confident of the result of that corner talk, and guessed that some misunderstanding had arisen between Stella and Deronzelle. She tried to comfort her pity for Ben that his affair must have come to a conclusion at some time, and better now.

Some one asked for a song, and Stella, the only musician, seated herself at the piano and sang with feeling:

"My heart hath a song,
'Tis I love you, I love you."

and as she sang she raised her shining eyes and they rested on the face of Dick Sturban, who was standing on the other side of the piano, leaning carelessly against the wall. His gay smile faded, for he saw whereas once she would have sung at him in her tantalizing way, she now was lost to her surroundings, and seemed not so much to see him as to be looking afar off. As her voice died away Dick shifted his gaze to the face of Chester Deronzelle and then whistling softly walked around the room with his hands in his pockets.

In the bustle made by the departing of the little band Sturban found himself by Alice's side. "Where is that man with the new fangled name?" he asked craning around. "He is a lucky dog, wherever he is."

"Verily, wisdom ye shall hear from the mouths of babes and sucklings, "said Rob as he shouldered Dick affectionately out at the door. "There, run on home Dickie

boy before you get into trouble," and Dick's cheery whistle could be heard receding down the street..

IV.

It was one evening when the last faint jingle of bells told that Chester and Stella had gone out under a silvery moon that sprinkled the crisp snow with countless diamonds, that Rob and Alice sat before the fire-place that had been such a cheerful audience to so many curtain lectures. She held in her arms the sleeping Sister whose golden head drooped in a comfortable curve in Alice's arm that seemed made for babies' heads. Rob took in with appreciation the picture she made with the child in her arms. Her dark hair waved naturally up from a low, broad forehead, and escaped in little tendrils like those of a sweet-pea. A little of Stella's merry nature showed in the upward curve of her rose-colored lips, but the face was calmer and more thoughtful, and the eyes, like "twin gray stars," were full of sweetness and expression.

"You always were the mother, even when we were little tots," he said, thoughtfully.

"'I'll be the mamma,' was always your first remark when I finished buiidlng you a play house."

Alice smoothed back the damp curls from Sister's white forehead, and sofely kissed a dimple in her flushed cheek.

"Alice ,do you remember the rest of that remark you always made when I finished building your play-house?"

"Yes, Rob," she answered, flushing and smiling faintly. "I always finished with, 'And you can be the papa.'"

She tried to speak in her usual friendly manner, but there was something in Bob's tone made her eyes shine with a more than starry brightness.

"And, Alice, if I should build you another now—not a play house—would you now let me be the papa?"

Even in that dim light he could not mistake that other light as of a summer sky, that broke over her face.

After some time she asked: "And Stella, Rob?"

"Daer, beautiful Stella! She was rightly named, Alice, and now since she must put frivolity behind her, I believe her naturally sweet disposition will outshine her beauty. When she first came I fell into the way with all the rest of devoting myself to her, and had nearly persuaded myself I was in earnest till last Thanksgiving—do you remember when that wish bone fell down on me, and Stella said it was your and you blushed?" She nodded.

"It was then I seemed to know what my true feelings were—for the meaning of the wish bone above the door, and the thought you had put it there seemed to flash an inspiration in me."

And as he took her dear hand he said: "You were always 'the mamma' to me, Alice."

L. F. J.

Athletic Notes

THE SCHOOL OF MINES FOOTBALL GAME.

The football game dedicating the campus gridiron was a defeat for the University by a score of 16 to 0. But though the score was not in our favor it is certain that the game won popularity for football in Missoula. The battle was stubbornly contested, was free from contention, was clean and gentlemanly from beginning to end. The team from the School of Mines are gentlemen and by our boys they were treated as such. The spirit as well as the splendid condition of the two teams made it as clean a game and as good a game as has ever been witnessed in Missou.

The varsity boys played a hard game. They missed Kennett, who was laid up with a badly cut finger. Several of the men were new at the business, never having played in a game before. The visitors were nearly all old players and this was their second game. It will be remembered that they were defeated by the Agricultural College team. The home team showed weakness in defense and were unable to hold the line against the fierce rushs of the opponents. This weakness undoubtedly lost them the game for they were able to make good gains on end runs whenever they gained possession of the ball. They were unable to break the line of the visitors and attempts to do so invariably lost the ball to the opponents.

The varsity team is not discouraged. There is good material in it and the game has shown clearly the weak points. The team from the School of Mines had worked hard since the defeat at Bozeman and were much better prepared by the addition of two of their strong men who were laid off during the Bozeman game on account of bruises. The varsity team is now practicing with double determination in order to get in trim for the Washington and Idaho games that have been scheduled.

The visitors plainly had a great advantage in superior weight. The lineup will aggregate considerably heavier than that of the varsity. Then they had the advantage of playing their coach, Captain Young, who is a student. This made a great difference and weighed heavily against the home team.

To a spectator, the visitors, as has been stated, had the heavier line and did the better line work. The home team did less fumbling and were quite sure with the ball. They also kicked and punted well, while the visitors missed two easy goals and failed to gain on punts. No long runs were made by either side. Both teams failed to gain when close formation was tried.

Of the individual play it may be said first of all that the university has two of the best ends in the state. The Butte halfbacks soon got over trying to get past Walters and Hay on anything but trick plays, and then only once did they make the five yards. Rossell, among the new men is a good entertainer. Little McPhail always held onto the ball and near the close of the game tackled a Butte runner on the kickoff when nobody else was there to prevent a touchdown. Captain Latimer proved that he can kick well all the time and his hard playing deserved to win.

The Lineup.

School of Mines—Brinton, center; Farnham, right guard; Daling, left guard; Balmforth, right tackle; Pratt, left tackle :Tallant, right end; A. young (captain), left end; Hammer, quarter; Duthie, right halfback; Corey, left halfback; Sig. Young, fullback. Substitutes, Schlosser, Meiklejohn, Bowden, Irelan, McCrackin, Hunt.

University—Turko, center; L. Greenough, right guard; Rossell, left guard; Marceyes, right tackle; A. Williams,

left tackle; Hay, right end; Walters left end; McPhail, quarterback; E. Greenough, right halfback; F. Williams, left halfback; Latimer (captain), fullback. Substitutes, Johnson, Garlington, Urlin, Hughes, Crowley, Fergus, Buckhouse.

Details of Play.

Varsity had the kickoff. Latimer put his foot squarely behind the ball and it went out of bounds on Butte's goal line. It was brought back to the 25 yard line and punted by the Miners. Again it rolled out of bounds and a Butte man fell on it. Captain Young went through varsity's line for 5 yards. The furious line bucking of the Butte backs sent the ball steadily into varsity's territory and finally to the two yard line. Here varsity braced and held desperately. A hard tackle play forced the ball to within 2 feet of the goal line and then Corey was jammed through the pileup for a touchdown. The Miners failed to kick goal, scoring 5 points.

Varsity again kicked off, and Hay tackled the Butte man where the ball fell. After gaining 5 yards the Miners lost the ball to varsity on a fumble. Varsity now took the ball forward by quick rushes to 15 yard line and then lost it on downs. After two short gains by Miners time was called with ball in center of Miners territory. Score—Butte, 5; varsity, 0.

During the intermission the students gathered up their drums, banners and yellers and paraded the ground to the pleasure and enlightenment of the audience.

In the second half Johnson was substituted for Greenough, who was winded by a pileup at the close of the first half. The Miners kicked off. Latimer caught the ball and advanced it five yards by a run. Varsity lost the ball on downs. The Miners lost it on second down by a fumble at the 10 yard line.

Varsity tried two downs, but failed to advance the ball, resorting to a punt, sending the ball almost to center, where it was downed. The Miners were evidently winded, and played slow ball. However, they went through the line repeatedly, taking the ball 15 yards by a brilliant series of line bucks. They lost the ball on downs at the 10 yard line. The second down, however, Varsity lost the ball on a fumble between the 10 and 15 yard lines. Varsity made a desperate effort to hold the line but was not able to stop the center rushes, and in two downs the ball was shoved over the line. The Miners kicked goal. Score—Butte, 11; Varsity, 0.

Varsity again kicked off, the ball being downed at 25 yard line. The Miners tried the fake kick, which succeeded in making a touchdown at Bozeman. By this ruse the ball was advanced to the center of the field. The Miners seemed to think the game theirs if the play could be delayed, and played slower than ever, but still pushed the ball down the field for gains to the 10 yard line, with but one and one-half minutes to play. The Miners suddenly got life into themselves with the ball so near the line and played with more snap and energy that they had any time displayed. The second down sent the ball across the line. They failed to kick goal, making the score 16 to 0 for the School of Mines. Varsity again kicked off, and the ball was promptly returned to the 35 yard line. Time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

Officials—Superintendent J. G. McKay, umpire; the Rev. Walter Hays, referee; Professor J. R. Rowe and Professor C. H. Bowman timekeepers; Polleys and McCrackin, linesmen.

Time—Thirty-minute halves. Score—School of Mines, 16; University, 0.

Literary Societies

HAWTHORNE.

Friday, Oct. 17, 1902.

Extemporaneous Mr. Goodbourne
Reading Mr. Woodman
Recitation Mr. Lewis
Debate: Resolved that the trusts are more harmful than beneficial to the people of the country.
Affirmative—G. Greenwood, F. Neal.
Negative—Mr. Cochrane, Mr. K. Garlington.
Irregular Debate: Resolved that there should be an educational qualification in voting.

PROGRAMME FOR HAWTHORNE.

Nov. 1st, 1902.

Reading Joseph Streit
Declamation M. Turco
Extempo. M. Cockrell
Essay Claude Spaulding
Debate: Resolved, That the Irish are justified in revolting against British rule.
Affirmative—Mr. Bunker, Mr. Haywood.
Negative—Fred Frazer, Leslie Sheridan.
Irregular Debate: Resolved, That United States' senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people.

CLARKIA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Those who have the interest of the Clarkia at heart will be pleased to hear that the prospects for the coming year are unusually bright. The meetings so far have been very fairly attended, and a number of new members have been admitted.

The society has decided to make a study, this year, of current men and women of letters. They will study the prominent novelists and their works; the prominent essayists of the day; the poetry of Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley and Bret Harte, and will have readings from the prominent magazine writers. The meeting held on October 20, was devoted to a study of Holmes and the following program was rendered:

Quotations from Holmes.
Holmes and His Friends.....Mabel Jones
Reading from Holmes.....Alice Herr
Music Nell Lewis
Humor of Holmes' Poetry.....Florence Wood
Recitation—A September Gale.....Maud Burns
Current Events.....Ida Rigby

The meeting on November 3 was a very important one for the society, as a new constitution was adopted. By

this constitution the opportunities for careless membership are materially reduced.

The program was a very interesting one, and the first of the new series:

Characteristic Quotations.
Sketch of Semester's Work.....Evelyn Polleys
Current Topics.....Alice Glancy
Short Story—"Father"—Ray R. Gibson....Florence Wood
Music.....
Simple Confession.....Roxy Howell
Readings from Warners' Essays:
"Give the Men a Chance,"
"Weather and Character".....Eloise Rigby
Comment.
Recitation from Bret Harte.....Florence Johnson

Open discussion of program by society. Adverse and favorable criticisms.

The Clarkia would like to impress upon the students and Faculty that all visitors are cordially welcomed to the Clarkia meetings, which are held at 4:15 p. m., in Literary Hall, every alternate Monday. The next program will be on November 17, and will be devoted to Thanksgiving.

Locals

Hurrah for election and Thanksgiving!

* * *

"Please don't eat any more chestnuts—you'll be springing them on us."

* * *

How could the basket ball teams of both last year and this, help being samely?

* * *

A shower bath is to be placed in the girls' basement. Are girls as quiet as boys?

* * *

Miss Mary Rankin who has been ill with scarlet fever is again able to attend school.

* * *

The Seniors are endeavoring to find a class symbol. Permit us to suggest a B hive.

* * *

"Doesn't she look like a Jewess?"
"Well, she is a daughter of Rebecca."

* * *

Does the baby buggy on the Kaimin cover contain the Junior who takes her lunch from a bottle?

* * *

Dr. George Kennett was unable to take part in Saturday's game, owing to a badly cut finger.

* * *

Rev. E. L. Mills, pastor of the M. E. church of Stevensville, paid a visit to the U. of M., Oct. 21.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Sloane, who chaperoned a party of U. of M. students on Mount Sentinel, Saturday, Oct. 25, is confined to her room with a badly sprained ankle, the result of the climb.

Boys and girls, get out your banners, horns and ribbons. Foot-ball season has commenced!!

* * *

Roy McPhail will eat his Thanksgiving turkey and Bozeman at the same time in Missoula.

* * *

Little Boy: "Oh, dear, I've eaten a whole lot."
Little Girl: "Yes, and you'll have an acre."

* * *

Miss Lurene Grant pleasantly entertained a small company at her South Missoula home, on Hallowe'en.

* * *

The Misses Ruth and Dale Ward are planning to spend their Thanksgiving vacation at their Hamilton home.

* * *

The I. O. O. F. and D. of R. were given a hearty Montana welcome to the university during the past month.

* * *

Miss Nell Lewis has resigned her position of literary editor as she intends to spend her winter in St. Louis.

* * *

A boys' basket ball team is to be organized in the near future. Suits and shoes have already been ordered.

* * *

Hovey Polleys, who has spent his summer in the east surveying, has returned to the U. of M. to continue his studies.

* * *

Miss Margaret Ronan, '02, a former basket ball enthusiast, is devoting her surplus energy to teaching, and ping pong.

* * *

From a Composition.

"Lord Byron was so club-footed at his birth that he couldn't walk.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we welcome again to the university, two of our graduates, Mr. Percy Rennick and Mr. George Kennet.

* * *

Jim: That Brown is a mighty odd fellow.
John: Yes, he's joined the order and he's trying to live up to it.

* * *

Mr. Spohn is endeavoring to prove that a cat has nine lives. He has succeeded in convincing the students that it has at least two.

* * *

Miss Ruth Ward was quite seriously injured on the basket ball field. We hope she will soon be able to continue her practice.

* * *

Among the students who have enrolled this week are two of our old friends, Ray and Ralph Logan. We are glad to nave them with us again.

* * *

Readers of the Kaimin will learn with deep regret that Miss Florence Wood, on account of ill health, has been forced to resign her position of local editor.

* * *

Prof. to stupid boy—"You can at least translate this: 'Ils etaïent venus.'"

Boy, brightly—"Yes, sir, 'They were venus.'"

ey Ward, an alumnus of the class of 1901, was a
at convocation on October 22. His many college
ads were glad to greet him.

* * *

A match game will be played between the two basket ball teams on Tuesday, Nov. 3rd. Mr. Hargraves will coach and Miss Polleys referee the game.

* * *

"Mamma, let me have the turkey wish-bone."
"Why, dear?"
"I want to wish for some more turkey."

* * *

On Friday, Oct. 24, the students of the U. of M. and of the Business College were delightfully entertained at Elks' Hall by the churches of the city.

* * *

Hurrah varsity!
Hurrah state!
Hurrah varsity!
Watch our gait!

* * *

Among those who expect to return home for their Thanksgiving vacation are Misses Alice Herr, Anne Bielenberg, Ruth Ward, Margaret Summers and Blanche Simpson.

* * *

A greater interest is being taken in basket ball this fall than ever before. Mr. Corliss Hargraves, a former player, has been coaching the young ladies' teams during the past month.

* * *

On the Side Lines.

Varsity Rooter: Eat the scrubs, Varsity. Eat 'em without salt.

Scrub Rooter: But use a little ginger.

* * *

The younger girls of the U. of M. have organized a society, the Thiseven. It is the object of the club, as the name indicates, to devote itself to the study of the Greek classics. We wish it success.

* * *

Miss Anne Bielenberg is contemplating spending Thanksgiving in Missoula in order that she may see us defeat Bozeman. We hope she will for we need all the enthusiasts it is possible for the U. of M. to furnish.

* * *

At convocation, October 29th, Rev. Barnes of the Congregational church spoke. He discussed two questions: First—Why we are in the University. Second—How to get the most out of it. He was listened to with interest by all the students.

* * *

Miss Saidie Beckwith entertained a few of her friends Saturday evening at a poetical party. Those present were Fay Murray, Ona Sloane, Evelyn Polleys, Margaret Ronan, Fanny Beckwith, Roxy Howell, Anne Bielenberg, Anabel Ross and Miriam Hatheway.

* * *

An important meeting of the Oratorical Association was held after convocation on October 29th, at which officers for the ensuing year were elected. Ed Williams was chosen to the office of president; Lucy Likes to the office of vice president, and Sadie Beckwith to the office of secretary-treasurer.

* * *

Lord, for the erring thought,
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

* * *

Miss Evelyn Polleys entertained a small company at her home in South Missoula, on Hallowe'en. Mystic games and "bobing for apples" were enjoyed by the guests who were Misses Margaret Ronan, Bielenberg, Howell, Rankin, Murray, Hatheway, Saidie Beckwith, Fanny Beckwith and Ross; Messrs. Hughes, Sloane, Craig, Greenough, Walters, Tucker, Polleys, Rankin and D'Autremont.

* * *

On Thursday, Oct. 23rd, Miss Anabel Ross entertained a few of her friends at a chafing dish supper. Ping-pong and cards were enjoyed by the guests who were: Misses Anne Bielenberg, Fay Murray, Evelyn Polleys, and Messrs. Herbert Hughes, Warren Tucker, J. Austin and Bert D'Autremont.

* * *

Will Clayton, a Missoula boy, sustained serious injuries by falling from the roof of the gymnasium building at the university on the afternoon of October 30th. He was engaged in painting the roof which was particularly slippery on account of the frost. He fell a distance of 40 feet and alighted on a pile of soft dirt, which broke his fall somewhat and prevented, no doubt, more serious injury. He was immediately taken to the hospital where an examination was made, when it was found that the collar bone had been broken, several ribs fractured, a deep cut reaching the skull inflicted on the scalp, and internal injuries were received. During the day hemorrhages of the lungs and stomach occurred frequently, and he was unconscious nearly all day. We are glad to report, though, that he is improving rapidly, and in a few days will be able to be about again.

* * *

One of the prettiest and most original of Hallowe'en parties was that given by the Thesevens, a club composed of six of the university's brightest girls. The club, whose members are Ruth Worden, Edith Tietjen, Maude Treveaille, Winifred Feighner, Carry Hardenburgh ,Dorothy Polleys and Blanche Ingalls, assisted by the Misses Whittaker entertained in true Hallowe'en style at the home of Miss Edith Tietjen. The rooms were handsomely decorated with autumn colors; large, white Jack'o-lanterns spread a cheerful light on the assembled guests. After being royally entertained at Miss Tietjen,s, ghostly guides conducted them to Miss Worden's home where refreshments were served in a most unique manner. A large pumpkin with grinning faces, graced the middle of the table, while smaller pumpkins filled with ices were set at each guest's place. After supper dancing and games were indulged in and it was not until a late hour that the party broke up.

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I was so glad to hear you were all well, I was so much moved over that affair of nt Tibby—I didn't rest at all the night ter I read it—she seems to be having so much uble. And mother, you wrote me about fix- over my party gown, but, do you know, I d I can get new material so reasonable at Golden Rule, that I am going to send it me for Bess to wear.

I already have my new Ultra's and I'm re than satisfied. They couldn't be easier d the girls thought them so dressy the night the reception. Oh, I'm just having the eliest time. We girls are preparing for sket ball and I am going to get me some of t skirting I wrote you about at the G. R.. a suit. I really think we will have a good m this year. My old Centemeries are good enough, I think, for a while—it's remarkable how long they've lasted—and I'll put that money into one of their new skirts, that took my eye. It's a black etamine—I want a change, mother, I've worn colors so long—with applique set in on the flounces and a silk drop skirt; its charming. I'm glad you liked my hat. They always satisfy me so well there, I never go any place else now. We girls belong to the upper ten and we can always get the latest in any line at the Golden Rule. I enclose this new tie for Dick. It struck my fancy and I know he'll have a fit over it—the dear old rascal. Tell him to write something else than Jennie, Jennie, next time. That's all this time, mother.

Good-bye,
MARGARET.

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Volume 6, No. 3

CHRISTMAS NUMBER
December 15, 1902



UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

THE KAIMIN

Edited and Published by the
Students of the University of Montana

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THE KAIMIN

Published Monthly during the University Year by the Students of the University of Montana.

Single copies 15 cents

Editor-in-Chief Mrs. Charles E. Avery, '03
Literary Editors. { Miss Lillian Jordan, '03 / Miss Roxy Howell,
Local Editor.....Miriam Hatheway, '03
Exchange Editor.....Leslie Sheridan, '03
Business Manager.....Gilbert Reinhard, '04

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Missoula, Montana.

MISSOULA, MONTANA, NOVEMBER, 1902.

Editorials

On behalf of the Kaimin we wish every student and member of the Faculty a Merry Christmas and a very happy and prosperous New Year.

We are indeed fortunate in securing the services of Miss Roxy Howell, who will fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Lewis, one of our literary editors.

We are pleased to learn of the action the State Board has taken in regard to the consolidation of the state educational institutions and hope that their action will not be unheeded by the legislature.

Christmas time! In whose heart is not a jovial feeling aroused; in whose mind are not some pleasant associations awakened by the recurrence of Christmas. There seems magic in the very name of Christmas!

The university grounds are still undergoing improvement. A neat, substantial and durable iron fence has been placed around the most exposed part of the west and north sides of the grounds. This adds much to the beauty of the campus and also gives better protection.

WHY HAVE A COLLEGE PUBLICATION?

The college paper has its place in the field of journalism as well as any other magazine or newspaper published. There are some who believe that such an undertaking is not worth while especially in comparatively small institutions. They cannot see the benefits to be derived therefrom.

If it accomplish nothing else, it develops and trains those who have the management of it each year, in a line of work which cannot fail to be useful in after years. It is in the nature of a private business enterprise, and those who are charged with its successful carrying forward, and are responsible for its success or failure, gain an experience that is invaluable when they step out into the world, and have to paddle their own canoe.

Judging from the standard of usefulness, we think it may rightfully claim a place. There are the local columns that give the news of interest in and about the college during the month. Even though there are many items that may have appeared elsewhere, yet they are still of interest to the students when they find them in their college paper, and there are very often occurrences in some departments were it not that they are heralded through the columns of the college press.

Then, too, very often productions by students deserve much praise. When such are published, it stimulates to greater effort, and as a consequence better productions. And as the standard of excellence is raised in literary compositions, the more credit will they be to the college journal, and thus it is raised in the estimation of its readers.

It frequently happens that articles are printed in newspapers, magazines, or other college papers that are of special interest to students. These will bear repetition and be of interest and appreciated.

The college magazine may be the dumping ground of mere trash, or it may contain food for thought that will develop the mental capacity, and be a satisfaction to the one who reads it. It may be the means of lowering the standard of college ethics, or it may exercise its little influence in favor of the moral development of the students.

ADVISABILITY OF A SHORTER COLLEGE COURSE.

A movement looking to a shorter college course has been inaugurated in the United States. Colleges of wide reputation and long standing such as Harvard, Brown University and the University of Pennsylvania have already taken steps towards the reduction of the course to three years. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University not only encourages this idea, but goes a step further and suggests that for certain specified classes of students, the course should be reduced to two years, without, however, abandoning the present plan of a four years' course.

Plausible arguments may be found on both sides of the question, but it would seem to be for the best interests of higher education to retain the present system of a

four years' college course before granting a degree. The plan President Butler recommends be adopted at Columbia, however, might be a feasible one. He would offer two courses. One of four years, and one of two years, the latter to be included in the former. The satisfactory completion of the shorter course would qualify the student for admission to any of the professional or technicle schools of the University. This would shorten the road to a professional degree by two years, and at the same time he would retain the four years' course for all of those who are looking forward to a more scholarly career.

The four years' course certainly has many manifest advantages even to those who propose after graduation to enter upon some active business. The opinion that the present system of requiring four years' training is fast becoming the exclusive privilege of the rich is erroneous. It has been demonstrated times too numerous to mention that no one who has the determination and grit to complete a college course can do so, whether or not he has some one to back him, or pay his expenses.

A good argument against the proposition is that it would place the college on the same plane with preparatory schools, thereby multiplying greatly degree giving institutions, and subjecting the smaller institutions to a very formidable competiton. On the other hand, the scheme would meet with favor with that large class of persons who must do the every day professional work of the world, and who are anxious to enter upon their chosen calling while their minds are still fresh, and their appetite for mental discipline keen.

Literary Department

A FORGOTTEN LADY

Gentlemen past their prime, particularly frolicsome old Colonels, have an unfortunate predilection for making spinsters the target for many a merry joke. In Colonel Parker the partiality for this kind of wit had reached a monstrous growth. But on the night of Mrs. Benson Hunt's Christmas dinner he was beaten at his own game; each keen thrust Miss Bromly foiled. Freedom had developed her too roundly; she had grown old too gracefully, too intelligently, too athletically to be vulnerable to Mackery.

"Yes, Colonel, call me a "forgotten lady. " It is a gentler name than "old maid." And see how tonight I have come to the dinner table alone, because the guest whom our hostess had assigned as my partner has forgotten the dinner hour, or has been delayed. But wait, and let us hope that he will come before the dinner is finished."

"Haha—a concession then, Miss Bromly. I understand you to speak in parables. Interpreted you say, 'To the feast of Life my Beloved comes late.' But I wait for him; beside me I reserve his place empty."

"No, Colonel, I imply nothing. On the other hand I dispute you. Life is not a feast. There are no empty places. And a forgotten lady ceases to be such the moment she is remembered."

Just then the belated guest arrived. He exchanged courtesies with his hostess, made his apology—a delayed train—and was introduced to his dinner partner. "Miss Bromly, Herr Kuphal."

The German murmured a polite phrase. Miss Bromly—not even the German, no one but the watchful old Colonel— saw the quick start of recognition that came to her eyes and the little sudden gesture of her hand. Then her eyes met the Colonel's, she smiled and nodded.

"Forgotten indeed, Colonel."

"Fool," thought Colonel Parker, when after dinner, he over heard Kuphal thanking Mrs. Hunt for providing him with so charming a table companion; and "Fool" thought the colonel when he noticed the extreme littleness with which the German conversed among the other guests. But the Colonel laughed and followed when he saw the haste with which Herr Kuphal availed himself of the first opportunity of again occupying a place beside Miss Bromly.

"Miss Bromly" Kuphal asked her, "what is there about you that haunts me like—like nothing less illusionary than some dream I dreamed in sleep when a boy? I have never met you before tonight; and yet there is about you a breath suggestive of the past."

"Have you forgotten then?" she began impetuously, but bit her lip and in an instant added lightly, "How in the Cambrian age we drifted in the same puddle."

Nearby the Colonel chuckled. "The Cambrian age! They say that Mary Bromly is not sarcastic, is innocent of slang! Lord who shall measure the resources of a woman's vanity. The age of lobsters and oysters. Te he!"

The German was not so discerning.

"No," he said, "surely it must have been more recently. Oh—yes; you have a nose like a girl I knew years ago. Sunddenly and after years of forgetfulness I remember—how strang. You guess aright an "affaire de l'amour." It was in Norfolk twenty years ago, and during my first visit to America. Her name was Mary. I remember only her Christian name. I do not recall the circumstances distinctly. I thought she loved me, thought it my duty to declare my love. She declined the proposal to become my wife, weeping for fear of having broken my heart, and I went away promising to return at some future day and I forgot. And she promised to be waiting at some future day—perhaps—and she forgot, too, I suppose; and who knows but that Mary is today the wife of some other man. But why do you look so disapprovingly at me; have I not proved the more faithful? I am but wedded to my art."

"Van ity of vanities all is vanity," she murmured a little irreverantly, and then her Cousin called her. "Good by," she said, "I am pleased to have met you. You go tomorrow?"

"Tonight; unfortunately."

Miss Bromly had turned to go and unawares she surprised a malicious light in the Colonel's eyes. Some silent power within cautioned her and on an impulse she offered her hand to the German a second time. "Peace and good will," she said, smiled sweetly from Kuphal to the Colonel and walked softly after her cousin.

The smile charmed the German beyond searching a

connection for the words. It was the Colonel's turn to bite his lip; and he thought hard, then he spoke.

"Pleasant that you and Miss Bromly should meet again?"

"Again?"

"Yes. An old flame of yours. Is she not? Why Miss Mary herself told me that she knew you at Norfolk, twenty years ago. You were old sweethearts she said."

Old colonels frequently have the mathematical power of putting two and two together, also frequently they do not scruple to lie.

"Mien leiben Gott!" ejaculated the German.

The great inward light that broke upon him was reflected in his crimson face.

SEM, THE YOUNG DAKOTA BRAVE.

How lightly, lightly, fell the flakes in mirthful carelessness, and silent stood the mountain pines, content with winter's load. It was Christmas morn and Sem stood measuring time by the Christmastide, and a hundred such he might have gone but recollection stopped at one far distant in the years when Sem was a young Dakota brave.

How like those flakes the years had come and in the winter time of life had left their mark where youthful ardor once rebelled. Those eyes that once looked toward the stars, were bent in sober thought and the hand that once the nations feared supported a whitened brow.

It was on a day which in long after years Sem had learned to reverance as the Christmastide; it was on that day that a messenger appeared in the winter camp of the Dakotas. The tribe was hostile to all bordering nations and that messenger fell by the arrows of a hundred braves. But in that dying breast a purpose clung, and half-raising he faced the throng of braves and, pointing to a time-worn quiver, cried, "He that follows that—the same shall have Lawanta." Lawanta, all that Indian maiden could have been, incarnation of a thousand virtues, idol of a hundred tribes. The last sigh spent itself in the shuffle that ensued. Sem carefully drew from the quiver—a jewelled soul, so richly jeweled that all looked on in wonderment.

How memory thrills the ebbing life and lives it over in an hour. Sem thought how little he knew then of that struggle at his feet, the trials that that dying heart had borne, the passion of its nature. The old chief's head still lower bent and memory took her course.

That day there was a great contest, a contest of skill and endurance which decided whose lot it was to bear the jewelled skull. The braves lined up in battle line and matched their steady bows, they lined in running form and ran the circle of the wood, they jumped, and rushed their skiffs down the swift rapids of the stream. In all of which Sem was master of the course. How tough were his sinews, how complete his grace, how light were his feet and how true his arrows fell! Truly the idol of the tribe. And in the dance his feet kept perfect time with the gladness of his heart and he rejoiced to bear around with him the jewelled skull.

Far toward the western hills two brothers kept their tribes at peace. Of the one of these, Lawanta was the pride and boast. Of the other, legend told of a son that was to have been a mighty warrior but a hostile tribe had carried him off to an eastern land. It was also told that some day a mighty warrior would sweep down from the North and single handed slay the tribes of the Western Sun.

Many months had passed since Sem had stepped so lightly through his native woods. Trials had come and dangers passed, and thoughts of home had lingered with him long. Winter had calmed into graceful spring and spring to rosy summer. Summer's leaves had decked the earth and Winter came again.

It was on a brighter mid-winter day that a scout came rushing through the camp of the Western Sun. Grave news that breathless rider bore; and messengers rushed here and there. A great warrior in the North had met a hunting party—only one of these survived. Ten ruddy warriors, the pick of the Western Sun, assayed to meet that man. The arrows fell from whence no living eye could see, they worked so fast and furiously that all were down before the foe was seen. Sumba, prophet of the Western Sun, rehearsed in hastening words the olden legend. The aged chief rushed forth in all the valor of his younger days. That mighty warrior harmed him not; but raised aloft a glistening skull. The old chief sighed. Lawanta heard that sigh and, rushing forth, beheld the stalwart form bearing aloft a glistening skull—alas the story of that skull.

Sem had recognized his former lord. The youthful eye remembered well the form and features of his old time chief. Then gladness seized the camp of the Western Sun. The word was passed that the long lost son of the brother chief was back.

That night by the warmth of the central fire, Sem learned from the lips of Lawanta how she had loved a noble brave, how a brother had fallen in desperate battle and how her suitor had rescued the skull from among the trophies of a mighty chief, and how he had essayed to carry it to a distant land where a queer people would adorn it with jewels. Sem's own arrow, truest of them all, had pierced that heart so much desired. Sem's head dropped lower. A whisper came in to them; the brother chief of the Western Sun had succumbed to grief and joy.

But these things had passed many years before, and they seemed a dream to Sem. Yet well he knew that on a far back Christmas morn he had become chief of the Western Sun.

THE SETTLEMENT IN EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

By the year six hundred thirteen, the Anglos and Saxons were firmly established in England. The main struggle for possession was over; the invaders had subdued the Welsh and the country was theirs. Then came the war of English king with English king for supremacy in this newly-conquered land. But while the kings fought, the people made haste to follow up the conquest by the settlement. The records of these settlements exist only in some short poems of the times and in the lines of longer ones.

The Anglo-Saxon peoples, who came to England immediately after its conquest by their warriors, settled mostly along the sea coast and the Roman roads, partly because

both gave easy means of communication, partly because along the roads were situated the Roman villas, on which they sometimes built their homes. The Roman towns they left severely alone, and these were, in consequence, haunted by wolf and fox.

As immigration continued, the newer settlers were forced to go farther into the country.So they settled along the rivers, in the fertile valleys and as land became more scarce, they drained the marshes and cultivated them. The poorer class, those not entitled to hold land, settled on the edges of moors and in desert places along the shores, where they lived by hunting and fishing. Often by some deed of bravery in battle, they won the favor of an earl or lord and by him were granted land to cultivate.

The moor, heath and forest were shunned and given up to their respective spirit dwellers. From the moor-pools came vile odors and air laden with malaria, the fierce fiends who wasted the people. The mist and snow of the heath were giants and evil spirits who led wanderers astray to destroy them. But the forest was the most thickly peopled, both in imagination and in reality. Here lurked the dragon and elf who strenuously opposed agriculture. Here, too, lived many a Celtic fugitive, many an outlaw and in its depths some bold hermit made his home. Bears, wild-cats, boars and herds of wild cattle roamed thro' the woods. The beaver and badger resented the approach of man, and the wolves howled in the waste places at night In one way the people admired these grand forests of beech, oak, maple and linden with their undergrowth of thorn bushes. They called them the curly locks on the head of Earth and in their songs celebrated their beauty. Among the branches sang the nightingales, the cuckoos and the starlings. Still their predominant feeling toward the forest was one of dread. So they settled only on the edges of the woods and used the forest land only when no other could be had.

The early English settled in families, clearing only enough ground for themselves and their kinsmen. In this way quite a large hamlet grew up in which all the dwellers were related. The center of this little village was the great hall of the kinsmen, built after the fashion of the chief's palace on the Continent, its gables ornamented with stag horns. Near by stood the clump of trees under which probably was held the first meeting at which it was decided to settle in that place. Beneath these trees were still held the tribal meetings, at which the oldest member presided as chief. Here the assembly of freemen made their own laws; here disputes were settled; here war and peace were decided upon. The main road, which was often paved, lead directly to the hall and along it went the warriors as they issued forth for battle; by it returned the victorious band to be received with rejoicing. Then in the evening came the banquet in the hall, to which the horn invited all who wanted to come. What a scene it must have been! The torches gleaming fitfully from their holds in the wall; the polished armour, the gaudy garments; the long tables, the raised seat for the chief, the wild music from the harp, flute and bagpipe; the singing, the games, the flowing bowl passing all too often from hand to hand; the rising of the martial spirit as some old hero brought forth his sword and told of its heroic deeds or the youthful warriors disputed as to who had been firmest in battle; the frequent quarrels, the drawing of swords and the exchange of blows with which these barbaric feasts so often ended.

From the hall many paths led to the homes of the freemen, each surrounded by its garden and orchard; with its beehives and vineyard. Here the women worked the loom and spinningwheel, while the Welsh servants went to and fro carrying water from the village well near the hall.

If the village were Christian, a cross would be found within its boundary, possibly a rude church; if heathenism still prevailed, a pole carved with emblems would stand near the edge of the forest as a safe-guard against evil spirits. About the homes of the freemen and the hall was built a mound of earth surmounted by a fence. Evil spirits dared not come within this enclosure, but without they reigned supreme.

Inside this wall went on the busy round of life—the grinding of corn at the village mill, the building of boats on the streams, the cobbler sitting on his bench, the potter moulding the clay, the worker in gold and silver ornamenting the hilts of the swords and the crests of the helmets which came from the war-smith's near by.

Just outside this wall lay the common pasture for the sheep and young cattle and the fenced fields for tilling. Here the serfs plowed with oxen and here the owner sang his charms and worked his spells over fruitless, bewitched land. Very elaborate was the ceremony—the burying of oil, honey and milk, the singing of litanies, the saying of the Paternoster and the planting of foreign seeds.

Farther out, beyond the fields, were the larger meadows whither the slaves took the herds in the morning from the nightly folds safe within the village enclosure. Spells must needs be spoken over the herds also, lest an evil spirit lead them away where the shepherd could not find them.

Farthest away of all were the herds of swine. Sometimes these fed in the oak forests, when their keepers were so bold as to enter these abodes of spirits. The woodman, too, was often forced to encroach upon the sacred precincts for wood to make or mend the houses, fences or ploughs.

All this life was reflected in their poetry. Riddle after riddle tells us of the way these people lived and thought. One tells of the ox complaining of the rough paths; another of the plough entering the forest to mark out the new settlement; another of the rake with which the farmer drags out the hurtful weeds from his garden; another of the young steer which has broken away from the pasture. We read in one, of the falcon with which the chief hunted; in another of the web brought to the chief by one of the women. The riddle on the mead tells of the bringing of honey from the hills and dells and then of the brawler's hasty words when he had drunk his fill.

From such records as these, we build the story of the life in the early English settlement.

—Jessie M. Bishop.

THE SMALL BOY.

In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth, then he created man. There are good reasons, no doubt, why a boy instead of a man, was not created. Adam was cheat-

ed out of what our elders tell us is the happiest part of life. This is not only hearsay, but we have proven it by experience.

We are just coming to a full realization of the fact that we do not know our own children, and the boy is part of an interesting problem. The small boy is a great inventor. The "devil's devices" that are the work of his hands, are only part of those that take life in his brain. Who has not had his nerves shaken by the whirr and screech of a tick-tack? His inventive genius usually takes a turn in the direction of discomfiting humanity in general. Small girl, boon companion, or his elders contribute to his delight. To put a cold frog in a little girl's coat pocket, a pin in his school fellow's back, or a banana peel by his master's desk ,and realize the fulfillment of his hope, doubles him up with laughter. It is not to be supposed that these tricks are merely the outcome of a malicious spirit; it is more that his brain is forever inventing and he cannot be expected to sit still with folded hands. Often I have heard my mother say in despair of my small brother: "I honestly believe that while I am whipping that child for one thing he is plotting what he shall do next."

There is also a little wickedness in his composition, indeed it is so evident at times we feel that "little fiend" is an appropriate term for him. It is only good little boys who do not have this element in their nature, and good little boys are blessings it takes no great mathematician to count. He is not absolutely wicked but he likes to pull the wings of flies, cut the fins off of fish to see if they can swim (which innocent diversion I found two nephews enjoying once), step on a dog's tail in the course of some aimless peregrination, and as to tying tin cans on them—well, they never get over that it seems, but "men are only boys grown up."

He is a humorist in a way, mostly unintentional. A thought being suggested to him and being turned over in his mind may in his mouth take a sudden turn that for its very simplicity and the manner in which it is spoken provoke laughter which is rewarded by a bashful or silly grin, as the young humorist is usually surprised by the outburst he has occasioned. Once there was a little boy who had an aunt. This aunt was a charming woman, and as a result she was continually inspiring some young man with the tender passion. She was a tender hearted girl who greatly sympathised with her victims. This was the case at one time, but before her sympathy led her into rashness she returned to her home in the eastern part of the state. Perhaps his heart was caught on the rebound, or perhaps it was from pique—shortly afterwards the young man married. The mama of the little boy invited the bride and groom to dinner one day and it was when a break occurred in the conversation, and the room was quiet, that the little boy suddenly pointing to the groom said: "That is the man my Aunt Katie forgot to marry." It was as if everyone had received an electric shock, the groom reddened, and the bride stared, then a burst of laughter saved the day, the victim leading it.

It is not at all improbable that many of our slang phrases are originated by the street Arab. He is not encumbered with a very large vocabulary, and expresses himself by comparison, or some idea suggested by the object of which he wishes to speak.

The young hopeful is a student of nature, so the poet tells us. He can mimick the call of the birds; he knows when the robin, swallow and thrush come and when they build, for he is a plunderer and must know where to get his spoils; he can show you where the reddest berries grow, and tell you when each wild flower begins to thrust its tender fingers through the ground.

The small urchin is daring to rashness. He can safely go where older people would hesitate; he can walk a plank like a circus man, climb a tree like a cat; dive recklessly into the deepest pool, and what he cannot do in the shape of gymnastics had better not be tried.

That this boy has a mission in the world is shown by Wendall Holmes:

"You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at he good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man who knows him laughs longest of all."

L. F. J.

Athletic Notes

We are pleased to learn that a permanent athletic director may soon be secured.

Helena High School—0.
Second Team 'Varsity—0.

The above score tells briefly the story of as pretty a game of foot-ball as has been seen here this season. It was intensely interesting, and on a number of occasions it looked as if the "Scrubs" would score. But each time unfortunate plays were made and the ball lost to Helena.

Two more evenly matched teams have never been seen in Missoula. Throughout the game, first one side advanced the ball, and then lost it on downs, only to gain it again in the same manner.

The varsity may be proud of the "Scrubs." None had ever played a regular game before, and they showed that the material for a strong team was there, needing only a little more concerted practice.

Cochrane at center, put up a good game, and showed the result of hard work in practice. Greenough and Smith at guards, played aggressively, and broke through again and again, for good results. Hughes and Dimmick, the tackles played hard, and opened good holes for line bucks. Urlin and Marceyes on the ends broke up interference and made hard, sure tackles. Farrell, who took Marceyes' place, showed up especially strong on offence, making several good gains. Behind the line, Polleys exhibited skill as a team general, and as a sure, hard tackler. Garlington and Johnson as halves, put up star games both on offense and defense. Fergus at full back, bucked the line like a veteran, and backed it up well on defense.

For the visitors Holmes, Sloan and Van Hook played fast games, the latter being especially strong at punting.

The game was a clean one, from beginning to end, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment save the injuries

of Marceyes and Davidson. The former ruptured a blood-vessel in his arm while stopping an end play, and the latter suffered a sprained ankle, when thrown by a hard tackle.

E. C. Mulroney acted as referee, and J. G. McKay as umpire.

The Lineup.

Scrubs—Cochrane, center; Smith, right guard; Greenough, left guard; Dimmick, right tackle; Hughes, left tackel; Marceys and Farrell, right end; Urlin, left end; Johnson, right halfback; Garlington, left halfback; Fergus, fulback; Polleys, quarterback.

Helena—Carleton, center; Bennett, right augrd; Gaugh, left guard; Calph, right tackle; Davidson, left tackle; Sloan, right end; Goodman, left end; Strong, right halfback; Kleinschmidt, left halfback; Van Hook, fullback; Holmes, quarterback.

THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Bozeman College	38
State University	0
Michigan	23
Minnesota	6
Pennsylvania	12
Cornell	11
Denver Athletic	11
Colorado	10
Stanford	35
Utah	11

UNIVERSITY GIRLS SUPERIOR TO HELENA BASKET BALL TEAM

With a score of 12 to 7, the girls of the Helena High school team went down to defeat before the University of Montana's team at basket ball Friday evening, Dec. 12. The game was played in Union hall before nearly 1,000 people, and was exciting from start to finish. Miss Lucy Stevens, who played center for Helena, slipped in a fierce scrimmage after the ball and sustained a blow upon the head which compelled her to retire from the game. She recovered a short time after the game had closed.

It was University's superior playing that won. Of this there is no question. They were more active and emerged from every sharp encounter with a display of decided strength, superior to their agile and clever opponents. This is attributed to more thorough training in athletic exercises, and was the means of winning the game.

Helena proved to be the better players on defense. Frequent were the plays where the ball was forced into their territory and a goal prevented by sharp playing.

A feature of the game was the goal throwing by Miss Mabel Jones of Missoula. All of the goals scored excepting one, were made by her, and at all times her aggressive work was in evidence.

While the contest was athletic and active throughout, there was no rough playing. Miss Stevens' accident was the result of a slip, and entirely unavoidable. Helena showed a number of clever plays in ball passing that proved to be revelations to the locals, but the shiftiness of the University maidens by reason of superior athletic ability overcame this.

The line-up was:

University—Lucia Merriles, C.; Mabel Jones, L. F.; Eloise Rigby, R. F.; Miriam Hatheway, L. G.; Dorothy Polleys, R. G.

Helena—Lucy Stephens, C.; Winnie Cooney, L. F.; Elsie Abrahamson, R. F.; Polly Eckles, L. G.; Maud Sagle, R. G.

Following the game the visitors were entertained at a banquet given at the Cafe Royal. The Helena team left for home Saturday morning, defeated, but confident of having met their superiors, and having had a delightful trip.

The recent visit of the football team from the state agricultural college to Missoula is still the theme of discussion among the university students. While the boys were here they were certainly entertained in a royal manner, and they will not forget soon the entertainment given them at Union hall on Thanksgiving evening. Almost the entire student body and members of the faculty were present to help entertain their guests. Music was furnished for the occasion by Schrieber's orchestra and dancing was indulged in until a late hour. On account of the delayed trains, because of the wreck east of Missoula, the members of the Bozeman football team were forced to remain in Missoula on Friday, and they spent the day in looking about the city and paying a visit to the university. They were much pleased with their visit and express grateful feeling to members of the university for the manner in which they were treated. They are a jolly set, and during the time they were in the Garden city they turned loose to have a good time.

The defeat of the football team on the gridiron this season is not taken very seriously by the members of the school, as they fully realize that conditions were such as to make it almost impossible to put up a team good enough to defeat the experienced players of the state, with so little time to develop. All the members of the team are comparatively new men at football, but it is generally conceded that they have done some excellent work in the time they have had for practice. Of course, the team represents the principal institution of the state, and for that reason much should be expected of it, but one must bear in mind that the average age of the players is about 18 years. Without doubt no university in the United States has put up a team composed of such young players. During his residence in Missoula Coach Peck has drilled the boys in the fine points of the game, and with a little more age and weight to their team they will play some wonderful games in the next few seasons. Most of the members will remain in school and will continue their football practice. Coach Peck has no brought a victorious team before the people of the state this year, but he has done one thing that is worth much to those interested dito lay the foundation of a team which it will be hard to defeat in a year or two from this time. He has done another feat in a year or two from this time. He

has done another thing worthy of praise in managing to have two and at times three teams on the football field on practice nights. Students and faculty of the university are not discouraged over the outcome of the season, as some would imagine, but they realize they have excellent material within their midst for next year.

Now that the football seaeon is over the basket ball games will start. The suits for the young men will arrive in a few days, and then rigid practice will begin. Now that the other schools of the state have learned of the organization of this basket ball team, they are anxious to secure games, and several challenges have been received.

Literary Societies

THE CLARKIA SOCIETY

The work of the Clarkia Literary society has never been more successful or interesting that at the present time. While the society is interested in its work, it is a deplorable fact that little encouragement is given by the interest of visitors. The society would be greatly encouraged by visits from the members of the Faculty, and students. The Clarkia meetings are held every alternate Monday at 4:15 in the Literary hall.

The members of the Clarkia are preparing to give two short plays before the holidays. Some of the best talent of the University will be in the cast. Miss Kellogg is directing those who are in the plays, and under such efficient training those who take part will, no doubt, make a success of the productions, "The Obstinate Family," and "The Best Laid Plans."

The last meeting of the Clarkia was a very interesting one. Some business was transacted, and the resignation of Miss Florence Wood, on account of poor health, was accepted. Miss Evelyn Polleys was elected to succeed Miss Wood as treasurer.

The next meeting of the Clarkia will be on Dec. 15.

THE HAWTHORNE SOCIETY

The mock trial held by the Hawthorne literary society on Saturday, Nov. 29, has created a great deal of interest among its members as well as the student body in general.

Mr. Herbert Hughes a genial and good natured Sophomore, was tried on the grave charge of "Cruelty to animals."

It would be unjust to go into the details of the charge; but told in a few words, Mr. Hughes along with three other companions of different weights and sexes, were supposed to have ridden one lonely black horse all the way to Fort Missoula and back in the brief time of one half an hour. This was undoubtedly cruel treatment to "Man's best friend" and the accused was dulty arrested by Sheriff Red Williams. The presentation was conducted by County Attorney Ed. Williams and Mr. Bunker. The defense was ably represented by Messrs. R. Walters and Rankin.

Attorney Wm. Murphy presided as judge and occasionally brushed the counsel up on legal points. The other officers were Miss Loffness, official stenographer and Moncure Cockrell, clerk o. the court.

Both sides had a large number of witness to examine and many interesting tales were told; all representing the gospel truth, (?)

The expert testimony of Dr. Rennick was listened to with marked attention, for his capabilities as a veterinary surgeon have never been doubted.

Both sides made strong pleas in behalf of their case, but Judge Murphy decided that counsel for the defense assisted by Herb's old chum' 'had put forth the best evidence and accordingly the prisoner was set free. Although the county lost its case Judge Murphy highly commended the attorney for putting up a strong argument in behalf of the prosecution.

The literary hall was filled with students and visitors who were interested in the case. With this adventure a success, it is noped that another trial will be held before the Semester closes.

A highly successful meeting of the Hawthorne Literary society of the State University was held Dec. 13, at John M. Evans hall. The attendance was large, and the audience applauded warmly the brilliant things brought out in the literary program rendered. An impromptu address of real merit was made by M. Cockrell; and a reading selection by John Jones said much for the ability of the reader.

With the question, "Resolved That the Judiciary System of Montana Is Defective," much clever thought and delivery was brought out. The judges decided in favor of the negative, which was well contended for by Leslie Sheridan. The affirmative side was supported by R. Goodburn.

An irregular debate followed, in which all of the members present participated. The subject was, "Resolved, That a Business Education is More Beneficial Than a University Course." A number of clever extemporaneous speeches were made, and all of the addresses were creditable.

The society is making elaborate preparations for a joint meeting with the Clarkia society to be held on the evening of Jan. 10. A debate will be held, the subject selected being, "Resolved, That Higher Education Among Women Is Destructive to the Comfort of Their Home Life." The affirmative side has been selected by the Hawthorne and the negative will be taken by the Clarkia. The speakers have not yet been named.

BOYS AT UNIVERSITY MEET.

The university boys held a meeting Monday, Dec. 15, for the purpose of effecting the organization of a basketball team. They have already received suits and other paraphernalia for the game and it is now expected that the organization will be effected and practice will begin at once.

Locals

One
Two
Three
Four
Five
Six
Seven
Eight
Nine
Ten
Eleven
Flahertys.

* * *

Miss Eloise Rigby says her favorite caller is the Corliss. It is just the right height.

* * *

It is too bad to break a dozen like that, especially when the remainder isn't so badly cracked.

* * *

The Quanoozeh club was entertained by Miss Hattie Rankin, Nov. 19th. The members present were Roxy Howell, Evelyn Polleys, Katherine Reeves, Fay Murray, Saidie Beckwith, Margaret Ronan, Anabel Ross and Miriam Hatheway.

* * *

This chestnut is so buggy, I can see it waggin'.

* * *

Miss Lillian Jordan will spend her Christmas vacation at her home in Glendive.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Weber of Hamilton spent Thanksgiving in this city with their daughter, Mrs. Chas. E. Avery.

* * *

Anne Beilenberg most delightfully entertained a small party Nov. 3. Those present were Herbert Hugnes.

* * *

The Greek society, the Theseven, held a meeting in the basement recently at which they indulged in Greek games. A workman who was laying pipes under the floor of the lunch room enjoyed the performance very much.

* * *

Mr. Jones has been more thoughtful than ever, lately, (if that is possible.) Realizing that mud is not the most beneficial thing in the world for basket ball suits, he kindly consented to wash the whole twenty-four. We thank him twenty-four times.

* * *

The U. of M. once again is filled with the thundering voices of orators. They (the orators) distribute themselves around in different rooms to do their stunts—and it's rather noisy if they happen to forget to shut the doors.

* * *

Bozeman.

* * *

Not dead, but sleeping.

"Those Bozeman boys do write beautifully, but then they have a six years penmanship course over there."

* * *

A visitor interested in athletics, who has been at the university the past month is Mr. Charles Spofford—a Harvard graduate.

* * *

From Miss L—c—a M— — —l-l—s' diary:

Leaping and prancing now
Are my delight.
I hit the ceiling high
Most every night.

Cold baths and potatoes
I simply adore,
When I am dragged from them
I yell for more.

Give me m' punchin' bag,
Injun clubs too.
I'll beat the Helenas
Red, white and blue. (Maybe.)

* * *

Prof. Elrod said it was always the locals that sold the paper. That of course accounts for the wide circulation of the Kaimin.

* * *

At last we are feeling the effects of the late coal-strike Mr. Kessler is a fine economist.

* * *

On November 8th Miss Anna Beilenberg entertained Mr. Herbert Hughes at a chafing dish supper.

* * *

Ben D. Stewart, a University alumnus of the class of 1902, reached home Friday night, Dec. 12, from a stay of several months in Colorado with the United States geological survey service.

* * *

Prof. J. M. Hamilton left Friday evening, Dec. 12, to visit one of his brothers who resides in Illinois, and who, it is reported is quite seriously ill. He wll be absent three or four weeks.

* * *

Go to Miss Murray for your flags. Made after the Butler fashion. Quite up to date and sewed on the wrong side with white thread. No credit.

* * *

"My dear girl I ain't got no time to write."

* * *

It must be a great deal warmer here than in Potomac for almost immediately on arriving in Missoula, one of our Potomac visitors shaved off his mustache. It was a good one too, considering it was a first attempt.

* * *

Crepe de chin(e)—a gratee.

* * *

Thank you Mr. Jones for those dear shiney, nicely driven nails. Thank you.

* * *

What will happen next? The other day in Clarkia Roxy Howell made a simple confession. It was awfully interesting in spite of its simplicity.

Miss Fay Murray gave a military dinner November 20th, in honor of her guest Mr. Jack Gates, of West Point. National colors were used in decorating the pretty home, the color scheme even being carried out in the appointments of the table. Those who enjoyed Miss Murray's delightful hospitality were Miss E. Polleys, M. Ronan, M. Hatheway and Roxy Howell. Messrs. Archibald Winston, Jack Gates, Chas. Spofford and Horace Curtis.

* * *

"Ah, now, I don't think that's necessary."

* * *

It is a pity that Mr. Leslie Woods has not realized before what ca pabilities he possesses as a football player. All those who were fortunate enough to see the practice on Nov. 20th, were convinced that there was true football material in him. We are not referring to pigskin when we say this. * * *

Miss Fay Murray who has been devoting her spare time to the manufacture of U. of M. flags has invested in a new red tam. Let the good work go on.

* * *

"And I want to ask you."

* * *

Advantage has been taken of the fine muddy weather to practice basket ball vigorously. Carol Wells, who is known by the pet name "Pig" has been quite in her element.

* * *

Miss Fay Murray entertained on Nov. 16th, a few friends informally at her home. Those present were Misses E. Polleys, A. Ross, M. Hatheway. Messrs. H. Polleys, D. Peck, and H. Sloane.

* * *

Please remember that the Clarkia is not a secret organization, also remember that it would encourage the society to know that there are others, beside its members who are interested in it.

* * *

Anne Bielenberg is looking sad these days. Poor girl it seems as though the bright hues of her life have changed. She is in a peck of trouble all on account of a black horse.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Allie Reeves, a former U. of M. student, and Mr. Robert Stewart, took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robert McKeown of Bonner, on Nov. 26. We wish them joy.

* * *

If you don't and won't give locals to the Kaimin you can't be amused or interested by the local columns. Have you ever noticed it is your own jokes and news items that especially interest you? Why if every one in this school would only remember all the bright things he or she has ever said or done and would write them down and send them in to the local editor, I am sure we would have a local column which we would have no need to be ashamed of, for, of course, you have all said and done bright things. If not, your actions belie you. Have I not seen dozens of you ha-ha-ing over some of your own speeches. Those speeches of course, must have been witty Send them in. Let us ha-ha too.

Then news items. We are interested in what you are doing. Don't be afraid of making yourself too public, the circulation of the Kaimin is not very extensive. Perhaps you wish to know what to do with your items. Put them in the local box in the library and we'll do the rest.

* * *

Did you see those neat little hand bills the boys got out for the late game between Helena and the second varsity team? I am sure the very charming girl, I won't say whether she was professor or student, was referring to one of those when she said to the smiling young man, and I won't say whether he was professor or student, either, "Will you hold my little hand, Bill."

* * *

We gave the Bozeman boys one real good time here Thanksgiving. It is not often that they can get away from their plowing and farm work. Realizing this the U. of M. planned out a little sprit for them in the form of a football game in which every Flaherty was to make six points. Five or six of the said boys, for some reason or other failed to gain these, and contented themselves with watching their more energetic brothers make a pretty score. In the evening the Bozeman team or rather the Flahertys were given a dance in the Union, a regular old fashioned barn dance. We knew it would make them more like home if we had it there and really they did enjoy it. A wreck delayed them during the greater part of the next day and this time they spent in looking at Missoula's historic buildings and in riding on the street cars. Come again. * * *

A substantial iron fence is being placed around the west and north sides of the university grounds. It will add much to the attractiveness of the grounds.

* * *

A meeting of the oratorical association was held on Wednesday Dec. 3, following the chapel exercises. The committee which had been appointed to formulate plans for an intercollegeiate debate, rendered its report. The report was given by Chairman George Greenwood, and when put to a vote was adopted. The plan is somewhat as follows: On Jan. 7, 1903, a free-for-all debate will be held among the students of the university. This debate will be open to all who wish to enter. Judges, appointed by the president of the oratorical association, will pick the six best debaters from this lot. Later a debate will be held in which the six selected will take part and from these a team of three will be selected to represent the university in her debate with the Washington Agricultural college. This intercollegeiate debate will be held in Pullman, Wash., this year. Those who wish to enter the first free-for-all debate will hand in their names to the president of the oratorical association during the coming week.

* * *

George Barnes of the class of 1902 was a visitor at the school on Wednesday. He attended the chapel exercises.

Proud of It, Too.

The University of Montana Kaimin is edited by a Mrs. its Literary Editors are both Misses, and its Local Editor is a Miss. Evidently "Woman rules the World" in Missoula. We shall watch the Kaimin with interest.—From the Chronicle, University of Utah.

Exchanges

The literary department of "The Kaimin" from the University of Montana, is excellent.—Baker City Nugget.

How detestable is the man who tells malicious lies; but how much more detestable is he who tells malicious truths.—Exchange.

Among the exchanges received so far, "The Ziger" of Colorado College, and "Purple and Gold," of Bellevue, Nebraska, deserve special commendation.

German Instructor (to usually late student)—I see you are early of late; you used to be behind before, and now you are first at last.—Harvard Lampoon.

From the University of Montana there comes the "Kaimin," a breezy and well arranged paper, and in it we find the best and brightest exchange items for the month.—From "The Student."

Basketball is all right. It develops grace, agility, confidence and strength. It should be a part of the curriculum of every school. As a beautifier it is worth all the lotions and powders the most skilled pharmacist can prepare.—"Missoulian."

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

After labor's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two and fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time has come at last;
But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho! I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year.

Come tomorrow how it will!
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough.
But shall I never dine again,
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho! I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year.

Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime,
Ring the day of plenty in.
But the happy tide to hail,
With a sigh or with a tear,
Heigho! I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year.

—Thomas Hood.

THE FOOTBALL HERO.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hist! Hist! Hist!
Eye out, shoulder broke, busted wrist,
German silver windpipe,
Celluloid ear,
WhenI go through the crowd,
Won't the people cheer?

—Exchange.

Schmile and der worldt schmiles mit you,
Laugh and der worldt vhill roar;
Houl und der worldt vhill leafe you,
And nefer come back any more.
Nor all of us couldn't peen handsome,
Nor all of us hafe goot clothes;
But a schmile is not expensive,
And cofers a worldt of woes.

—Exchange.

THE YULE LOG.

When the Yule log burns upon the hearth,
With carol, chime and Christmas cheer,
A fire should kindle in each soul
To gladden all the coming year;
A flame to brighten heart and home,
And shine as well for other eyes,
Fed by good deeds which still glow on
When dim and cold the Yule log lies.

No life so poor but it may know
A spark of this divinest fire.
No life so beautiful and rich
But still, flame-like, it may aspire.
Then kindle Yule logs far and wide
To burn on every happy hearth,
Fit symbols of the faith and love
That purify and bless the earth.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

A Professional is a man who, 'way back when he was a Small Boy was given 50 cents for hunting balls that went over the fence.

A Coach is a man who cusses the team and kicks the eternal stuffins out of the man who fumbles the ball.

A Rooter is a man with a voice who says "We" in speaking of the team.

An Alumnus is a man who will tell you that he used to be the Whole Thing.

A Student is an Individual who is Hotly Intent on hitching his ice wagon to a star.

A Professor is a man who has been at it so long that he forgets that he used to Flunk too when he was in college.

A Bluffer is a person who seeks to follow the line of Least Resistance.

A Flunk is when you pass in your chips.

A Cut is a Temporary Relief given by the unprepared Prof and taken by the unprepared student.—Leger.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

The moment she came into the store the grocer made up his mind that she was a newly fledged housekeeper. She had a tiny memorandum book in one hand, the other held a small satchel.

"I would like a yard of sausage," said she, as she opened her book.

"You mean a pound, don't you?" asked the grover as he smoothed the folds of his white apron.

"Of course, how foolish of me," she replied. "You see, I am so used to going to bargain sales in the dry goods stores, that I quite forgot myself during the moment."

"Well, I want some eggs; how many shall I want?"

"I think a dozen will be what you need!"

"Oh, dear! And shall I have to knead them? I thought all you had to do was to break them up with an egg-shaker. Well, send me a dozen shelled."

"I think you had better have them in the shells; they keep fresh so much longer."

"Do you keep corn starch?" she asked, "or shall I have to go to the drug store for it?"

"No, ma'am; we keep it right here."

"Well, put down a bottle of corn starch. I promised Henry, that's my husband, you know, that I would get him something for his corns."

"I'll put down a package, it comes in packages, ma'am," and the grocer stuffed one corner of his apron into his mouth to keep from smiling audibly. She busy consulting her book and so did not notice how near the grocer came to strangling.

"I'd like some nut megs, and I'd like them all cracked. You see we didn't get a single pair of nut crackers among our wedding presents."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the grocer with tears in his eyes,, and he put down two ounces of nut meg.

"I have a number of articles down in my note book, I wrote them down so hurriedly, that I can't quite make them out. Probably you may be able to suggest some things necessary to start housekeeping with."

"You will want butter."

"Certainly! How silly of me not to think of butter; you'd better send two tubs of butter. The tubs will come in so handy for washing."

"You had better try two pounds first, and see how you like it," and the grocer chewed a large hole in the corner of his apron."

"Haven't got the toothache, have you?" she inquired sympathetically and without waiting for an answer, she went on: "Oh, I must have some Irish potatoes for Bridget. I must get something to remind the poor girl of her home. Put down two sacks of Irish potatoes, please, you know those bags make such fine towels. O, and coffee, I must have coffee, you know."

"Yes, ma'am; do you want the beans? We have some fresh roasted."

"Yes, the beans. But haven't you got them baked. Henry is a Bostonian, you know. And there is tea. I'll take some tea—beans too; and cocoa. I'm so fond of cocoa. Now, please, don't forget to send me some cocoanuts."

"No, I won't forget, ma'am; is there anything else?" queried the grocer as two buttons flew off his vest, and he unbuckled the strap to save the rest of them.

"Yes," she answered, "I want some apples; but be sure they are perfectly dry, because I haven't bought my clothes line yet, and if they weren't thoroughly dry, I wouldn't have anything to hang them on."

"Hadn't you better let me send you a list of family groceries?" suggested the grocer, who was getting desperate, "you can return anything you don't want."

"That will be splendid. But remember, I only want small family groceries; there are only Bridget, Henry and myself in the family at present. Good-day, anl be sure and send them this afternoon, No. 44, right across the way."

"Well," remarked the grocer, "if that woman isn't a cuckoo," and he sent his clerk home with his apron to get a patch put on it.—Exchange.

The Pacific Wave of Oct. 22nd, prints the views of a number of University of Washington students in regard to the proposed North West Intercollegiate Association. One or two of those students who have expressed themselves, seem to hold opinions decidedly unfair to the other colleges interested.

The exchange editor of the Exponent, of the Montana State Agricultural College, evidently intends to show the exchange editors of other college papers how to edit their exchange columns. We shall anxiously await the coming of each issue, so that we shall know how to reform our own columns.

One of the neatest and most attractive exchanges received this month is the Wyoming Student for October.

The University of Oregon Monthly for October contains several little gems of verse in her exchanges, and an excellent poem entitled, "The Witness of the World."

A great writer has said that one difference between a wise man and a fool is that a fool's mistakes never teach him anything.—Ex.

New Degree Under Fransden.

Freshman—I am taking Bacteriology.
Soph.—What are you trying for, a B. B.?
F.—What's that?
S.—O, Bachelor of Bugs.

—Student Record.

Epitaph.

Here lies a young man
Who in childhood began
To swear, to smoke and to drink.
In his twentieth year
He quit smoking and beer,
And yet is still smoking, I think.

Judge—"What did you steal that man's purse for?"
Prisoner—"I thought the change might do me good."

—Exchange.

THE WITNESS OF THE WORLD.

1902

"Sing," said the World, and I searched my soul;
"What have I here for the children of men,
That will brighten their eyes and ease their hearts,
And point them a path to the one true goal?"

"Yea, what is that goal? Is my faith so firm
As to make me sure of the one true way?
Are the ways not many, blind trails of the dark?
And is there a realm of an endless day?

"Do I know that men are more than beasts?
Where does brute leave off and man begin?
What can we hope of heavenly good
In a world so black and cursed with sin?"

"Hush," said the World, "thy gloomy doubt
It cannot profit us to hear.
Who sings to better the children of men
Must sing of hope and not of fear."

"Out of the dusk, primeval, vast,
Man has been led to better things,
The haunting birds of the night that's past
Have followed us close y on ghostly wings;"

"But eed them not, the ominous birds,
They will turn again from the brighter day ,
For fear shall perish and doubt shall die
When the fuller knowledge has won its way.'

—University of Oregon Monthly.

CUNNING WILLIE.

Little Willie fed Amanda
Moth balls which he said were candy.
Then the doctor came a pantin',
Said 'twas cholera infantum.
Little Willie only smiled—
He is such a cunning child.

He limped painfully along with an arm in a sling and a bandage over an eye.

"Poor chap! Football or the rush?"

"Neither; he didn't see an auto coming."—The Lantern, Ohio State University.

COLLEGE MEN.

There is a mystic charm about the term "college men." You experience a thrill of pride when you hear someone spoken of as a college man.

What is there to the expression that thrills you? What does it stand for? Does it stand for athletics? No, for a man may go through college and never participate in the athletic field. Does it stand for skill in debate? Hardly; the debaters are fewer than the athletes. Nor does it stand for a high degree of scholarship alone, though that is a part of it.

The term college man should stand for an ideal man, a gentleman, an educated gentleman.

In England the greater stress is laid on manhood, in America the education is more often placed first. Let us combine the good qualities of both systems and strive directly toward the ideal, college manhood.—The Pacific Wave, U. of Washington.

Watkins of Princton is coaching Vanderbilt again this year, with M. P. O'Connor as assistant. Vanderbilt expects to win the Southern championship.

Miscellaneous

AN EXPERIMENT IN TEMPERATURES.

M. J. E.

During the past summer and fall the department of Biology has had two thermographs in constant use, one at the first summit of Mt. Sentinel, immediately east of the University campus, the other at the University. These instruments were started early last March, and have been running ever since.

The thermographs are of foreign make, the same in style as used by the Weather Bureau. They run by clock work, and will keep an eight day record without attention. The record is made by an expanding metal, fixed at one end, the other end working by a series of pivots to cause an inked pen to trace a mark on a cylinder of paper.

The thermograph on the summit of Mt. Sentinel is at an altitude of 5100 feet, that at the University 3225 feet above sea level. There is thus a difference of nearly 2000 feet in the altitude of the two instruments. They are visited weekly, when the old record sheets are removed and new ones put on.

The original idea upon which work was started was to see if data could be secured concerning the effect of altitude upon temperature and upon vegetation. Miss Katherine Ronan visited the instrument on the summit during the spring months, taking copious notes on the vegetation. Martin Jones changed the sheets during the summer, making the weekly trip to the summit. Since the opening of the school year various parties have visited the summit to look after the record. Claude Spaulding has volunteered to read the summit instrument weekly during the winter, or so long as readings are desired.

The readings of the two instruments have aroused much interest in the temperature of the mountain top as compared with the valley, and the records bid fair to be of great interest and value in meteorological study, as well as to determine some factors concerning plant growth. Indeed, so great is the interest aroused by these readings that it is quite probable the government will add a rain guage, and, perhaps, an anemometer to the equipment at the summit.

It is rare that opportunity is offered for carrying on such an experiment, since few institutions are so advantageously situated with regard to mountains. The experiment will be continued for a year, and possibly longer. If the apparatus before mentioned is secured the data derived will be considerable.

The climatic conditions at the two places are quite unlike. It is often warmer on the mountain summit than in the valley. Rarely do the thermographs read together. Again it is much colder on the summit than in the valley. The wind may blow a gale at high altitude, while at the University there may be very little movement of air

A report of the records of the two instruments has been given to the daily press for several weeks past, and the records have aroused very much interest because of th unexpected differences shown by the instruments.

EXCUSES FOR TARDINESS.

Teachers who require written excuses for tardiness from parents of pupils sometimes receive very amusing notes. Here are a few specimens from a number received some time ago by teachers in the Boston schools, and recorded by the Chicago Chronicle:

"Dear sir, please excuse James for lateness. I kneaded him after breakfast." A second note reads: "Please forgive Billy for being tardy. I was mending his coat." The third excuse goes more into details, but is none the less interesting: "Mister sir, my Jason had to be late today. It is his bizness to milk our cow. She kicked Jase into the back today when he wasn't looking or thinking of her actin'; so he thot his back was breke, but it ain't. But it is black and blue, and the pane kept him late. We would get rid of that cow if we could. This is the fourth time she kicked Jase, but never kicked him late before. So excuse him for me." A girl absent for half a day brought the following satisfactory excuse: "Miss teacher—my dotter's absent yesterday was unavoidable. Her shoes had to be half-souled, and she had a sore throte. Her konstitushun is delikit and if she is absent any more you can knew that it is en account of unavodabel sickness or something else." A boy absent for half a day laid the following explanation on his master's desk: Dear sir, please excuse Henry. He went to grandpapa's funeral with me this forenoon. I have been promising him for several weeks that he might if he was good, and he has been very good so I kept my word."

COLLEGES.

In spite of the fact that Wyoming Seminary is situated in the cial-strike region this institution opened with a large enrollment.

The new Gordon College at Cairo, Egypt, was formally opened by Lord Kitchener, who was passing through Cairo on his way to India.

At Rust University the enrollment is larger than for years. A fine addition is being made to the industrial hall, and this work is being enlarged.

A quiet but very remarkable revival influence pervaded the college community at the Ohio Wesleyan during November. Rev. Henry Ostrom held a series of meetings in Gray Chapel.

Eight million dollars have been secured for the consolidation of the Rush Medical College with the University of Chicago. President Harper has refused to tell who is going to furnish the money. It is said, however, that the donor is John D. Rockefeller.

Beginning with the commencement in June of the present college year, Cornell University will retire all professors at the age of seventy. The retired professors will serve as lecturers in their special departments for a period of five years. The salaries for the first year will be those received at the time of retirement; after that, $1,500 a year.

Williams won the debate from Wesleyan this year at Williamstown. The judges were Prof. D. C. Wells of Dartmouth, Dr. S. Weber of Albany, and Prof. C. H. Hull of Cornell. Weseyan had the affirmative of the following question: "Resolved, That Congress shall enact a law under which all corporations doing interstate business and corporations doing business in more than one state shall be required to organize."

The following are extracts from the report of the president to the State Board of Education which met in Helena, December 1:

That the graduates of the University be put in the same class with those of the State Normal in regard to the granting of certificates and permits to teach. The latter to be granted to all graduates who have had one year's work in psychology and metheds. After two year's experience a life certificate will be granted without examination.

That a School of Pharmacy be added to the regular course.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mr. William Lindsay of Glendive, Montana, has presented a scholarship to the High School in that city. This scholarship is awarded to the High School Graduate from this school wha has maintained te highest grade during his attendance.

This scholarship pays all expenses of the student for one year.

This is an excellent step and it is sincerely to be hoped that others will offer inducements to meritorious young men and young women.

In order to still farther extend the influence of the University throughout the state it is believed that legislation should be secured granting two free scholarships to each county in the state. The holder of these scholarships should be exempt from all university fees.

THE GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.

One year ago an appropriation was made in the interest of a Scientific Expedition that had for its object the collection of materials for the Museum and the advancement of the knowledge of the Geological resources of the state. The party spent nearly two months in the field and for the brief time employed the results have been most gratifying. A large collection of material was obtained and the cause of scientific knowledge materially advanced

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DEAR MOTHER:—

In my last letter I told you about my last party, didn't I? Well I've forgotten everything else now in doing my Christmas shopping. I want you to write me what you all want, for there's so many things it's really confusing. I've just come from the Golden Rule and gotten a Smoking Jacket for Tom and have seen their toys. You ought to see them. I've quite a few things laid away for the dear little ones. I haven't forgotten when I was young and really I'm not so old yet, even if Tom does tease me. I'll appreciate anything you send me. Wish you could shop where I do; it's no trouble at all, and I get such good values.

I must close now for here comes Maud to go for a sleigh ride. Oh, by the way, did you want me to send you a new dress pattern? They're offering special values now at the Golden Rule.

Good-bye,
MARGARET.

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